

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 31

October 18, 1919

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Every Friday 11d.

FULL STEAM AHEAD TO BETTER DAYS

THE TEN DARK DAYS STRIKE THAT MENACED THE NATION

Rights and Wrongs of a Great
CrisisWHY 500,000 MEN AND 25,000
TRAINS STOOD STILL

The Great Strike which has followed the Great War came upon the nation, as the Great War did, suddenly and out of mystery. Looking back, it must be said that a few clear and patriotic heads could have saved the nation from this great disaster.

It will have to be said, when the history of these ten days is written, that the Government could have saved the strike if its language had been a little clearer and its arithmetic a little plainer, and that the railwaymen could have saved the strike if they had carried on into peace a little more of that reasonable patience and stirring patriotism for which they were so splendid in the war.

The Real Trouble

The great right of the men is a wage that will buy their families a happy and healthy life; the great wrong of the men was the way in which they victimised a friendly nation in order to obtain this right. The great right of the Government was in resisting the attempt of one section of the community to hold up all the rest; the great wrong of the Government was that it was not frank and clear, and that it put its case badly, in those vital days when the trouble with the railwaymen began.

What was the real trouble all about? In a word, it was the trouble that every family has to face in these days, when the cost of living is so great that wages will not go round. Let us see how it affected the railwaymen.

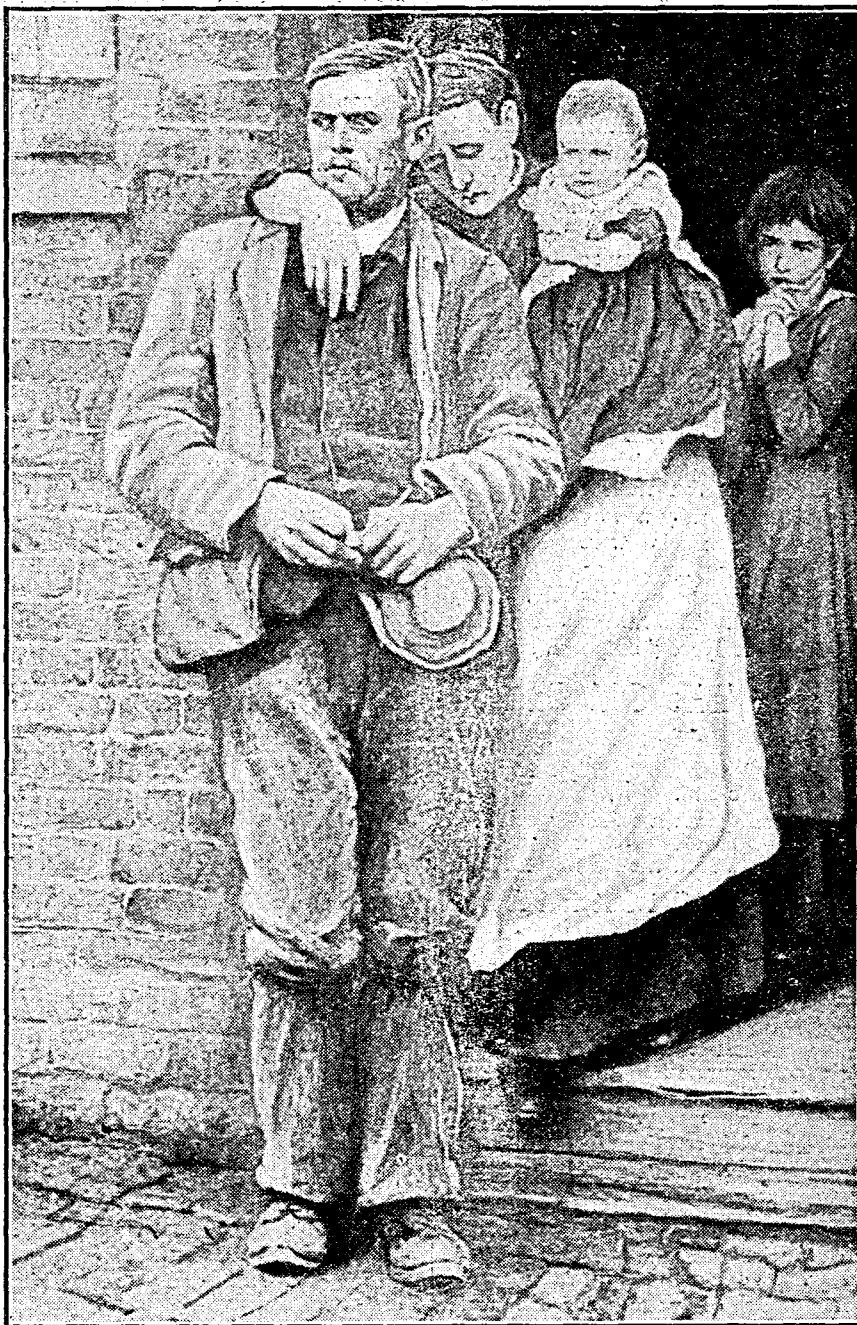
The Miserable Hundred Thousand

Nobody denies that the wages of the railwaymen were too low before the war; in at least 100,000 cases the wages were a shame and disgrace to the nation. We might have put up in every railway train in Britain in those days a notice something like this: "You are travelling 50 miles an hour, and men this train depends upon are paid less than £1 a week." One hundred thousand railwaymen had less than £1 a week before the war, and it was infamous.

We all admit that, and when the Great War came the nation realised, in its bitter need, that this injustice must be righted. We could never have won the war unless it had been righted; nations find out soon or late that the only thing Liberty can live with is Justice.

And so the Government, when it took over the railways during the war, gave every man working on them a bonus of 33s. a week. It might have been better to have added a regular

The Shadow That Passed



The bitterness and suffering that loomed ahead in the days before the Great Strike was settled are wonderfully seen in this picture by the late Professor Herkomer, who painted it as his diploma picture for the Royal Academy

proportion to each man's wage, but, wisely or unwisely, the Government gave exactly the same war bonus to every railwayman.

While the war went on these wages stood, and it was agreed that nothing should be done to alter them till the end of this year. There is no dissatisfaction with things as they are, but we have all to face a future that the war has made for us, and the great question is: How long can war wages continue in peace? If prices would go down wages might follow them, but with prices still so high men look with dread to the risk of wages falling. And the truth is that at the bottom of the minds of the railwaymen was, not discontent for the present, but fear for the future.

It was a reasonable fear, with which all of us sympathise, and which most of us share.

Unhappily, however, the Government and the men could not agree, and the great strike came. Half a million men and 25,000 trains were idle, and chaos ruled the nation. Then the great leaders of the trade union movement intervened, and after ten days of anxiety and discussion, with repeated deadlocks, the strike came to an end in the best of all possible ways, for both sides seemed satisfied and everybody shouted "Victory." The miserable 100,000 had their pre-war wages more than doubled, and the whole army of railwaymen, it is hoped, are now secure against any danger of return to the bad old days.

THE CLOUD THAT PASSED AWAY

Nation's Escape from
Terrible EventsIF THE GREAT STRIKE HAD
GONE ON

The Great Strike, holding up 1,000,000 men, 25,000 miles of railway, 25,000 engines, 75,000 coaches, and 750,000 waggons, ended amid a feeling of profound anxiety, for the peril with which the country was confronted was as serious as the peril of the Great War.

The transport workers were intervening, and their loyalty to the railwaymen was balanced by their deep feeling for the safety of the country; but when the deadlock came it seemed that the transport workers must join in the strike, and had that come about there would have been almost an end of movement in this country, and a situation of such danger as we have never known within our gates.

Almost certainly it would have ended in a general strike, bringing all things to a standstill.

Little Short of Revolution

The Children's Newspaper would have stopped, with almost every other paper in the land. The men behind great businesses, who had been sleeping in their offices, or with telephones at their bedside, were prepared for what would have been little short of revolution; and there must have come the darkest day that this realm, this England, has known in all her thousand years.

Now that it is all over the whole nation wishes nothing but good for the railwaymen, and hopes that this great and respectable and patriotic body of men, with only a few hot-heads leading them astray, will find work pleasanter and life happier and leisure more abundant in the future.

Not a good man is there who does not rejoice that these 500,000 railwaymen, with 500,000 more immediately depending on them, are back at work well satisfied.

It might have been so different, and we lift up our hearts with gratitude that, thanks to sane and steady heads, thanks to the great good spirit of the people, thanks to the patriotism that stirs our hearts, the dark shadows that gathered about our land have once more passed away.

Patti

Madame Adelina Patti has sung her last song. She sang her first nearly seventy years ago, when she was seven, and sixty years ago she made her fame at Covent Garden in a single night.

Her voice has been described as the most beautiful the world has ever known, and it has been said that she was the only woman who earned the best part of a million pounds by her voice.

She died at her home, aged 76.

How the Nation Saved Itself in the Face of a Great Disaster

The Midnight Stillness that Came Over the Land and the Marvellous Mobilisation of the People

THE last days of September will never be forgotten by anyone who was living in the full rush of the nation's life.

Suddenly one midnight nearly the whole railway staff of Great Britain—drivers, firemen, cleaners, signalmen, porters, carters, and platelayers—ceased work. Railway traffic of all kinds came to a dead stop. Half the people of England woke in the morning without knowing that railways had ceased in the night; but for the moment it was true. Never, not even when the world declared war, had there been such a dramatic surprise as this sudden stillness.

Stranded from Home

Hundreds of thousands of people were holidaying in families far from home with no means of returning; thousands were stranded on railways halfway home; millions outside the great cities were without their usual means of returning to their work in the mornings. But most grave of all was the problem of the nation's food. Already docks were congested, and one of the reasons was the slowness with which stores were being moved by the railways, and now the flow of supplies along the lines was stopped altogether.

Modern life is sustained by movement, and railways are the main routes of movement. At a word it all ceased. Engines stood fireless. The carriages that carried people, the waggons that carried goods, were idle and empty in the sidings. The letters that regu-

lated the country's business were piled up in heaps of mail-bags. The stoppage of movement seemed complete.

A Test for the Nation

It was a crisis that put to the test the spirit, courage, and practical ability of the whole nation. There might have been panic, despair, and utter confusion, with results terrible to contemplate. Yet the amazing thing was that nothing of the kind happened. Everywhere good humour and a feeling of confidence prevailed. We had passed through perils undismayed before, and meant to face this with stout hearts.

Everyone set about his work of helping to build up a new transport system, set to work cheerily and confidently, with the result that a magnificently proud success was swiftly achieved. In three days the country proved that temporarily it could manage very well without the railways, and that no small group of men could suddenly strangle its life.

New System of Movement

Even the railways did not entirely cease their usefulness. In five days 2000 trains were running. A few drivers made their country's needs their first consideration, and citizens in tens of thousands offered their services. No part of the country was cut off from the rest. The mails were despatched regularly, though less frequently. Necessary travel was quite possible, though inconvenient. The railways themselves were not paralysed; only hindered.

But the most striking result was the swift re-organisation of movement and business-life without help from the railways. The roads came into their own again, and became once more the common highway. Millions who had been accustomed to ride walked with cheery hearts, and often felt the better for it. Every form of wheeled vehicle appeared. The cyclists moved townward in swarms. The internal combustion engine, running on petrol, and hauling every form of vehicle—the cycle, the side-car, the carriage, the lorry, the bus—proved its ability to beat steam and the railway any day for distances up to 20 or 30 miles.

Did the Railwaymen Forget?

Had the railwaymen forgot the little internal combustion engine, and the hundreds of thousands of men and women who can drive it anywhere? Had they forgotten that we have become a nation of engine men and women, with myriads of drivers who have no need for stokers? Instead of showing the dominating strength of our system of steel rails and ponderous trains, the strikers succeeded in revealing its weakness. The railway system is convenient, but not essential, and those who control railways are not the world's masters.

Even on the long routes, where hundreds of thousands of hapless people were left far from home, it was only the comparatively poor who suffered, except in pocket. Processions of motor vehicles of all descriptions whirled the stranded

holiday-makers homeward, at great expense, but adding a new feature to their holiday joy—an unplanned trip through the loveliness of rural England.

Precious Lessons for All

Whenever the use of motor transport was concentrated and organised the triumph was complete. It was so in the case of the control of the London milk supply from Hyde Park, and indeed of the milk supply generally. Provincial cities, such as Sheffield, reported positive improvement on the deliveries by the railways in ordinary times.

The truth is that, in a very painful way, the country has been learning through the strike some lessons it would not have understood so quickly or so well if it had not been thrown suddenly on its resources.

The advantage of water transport has been seen in a number of ways. Thus, in London there has been a new demand for a revival of the use of the Thames for passenger traffic. Once it was the chief London highway, and even now it is far too helpful to be neglected.

A Nation's Safeguard

The truth brought home to the public by the railway strike is that we are far more free from dependence on railways than we ever knew. The ingenuity of mankind has enabled the forces that keep us all in health and happiness to flow in many channels, and thus has tended to safeguard the public from all forms of tyranny.

Everybody in a Good Humour - The Old Cart Comes to Town and My Lord Drives the Grocer's Van

THE whole country was in a good humour. It is wonderful how merry we can be in hard times. We saw once more how true it is that

A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires a mile-a.

It seemed, somebody said, as if the strike had been planned to prove to the world that this nation does not lose its head when the danger signal is against it; and nobody lost his head, and nobody was too proud.

People set out to do the most extraordinary things. Within a few minutes one London policeman was asked the best way to get to Newcastle, Hastings, and Basingstoke. An old man of seventy set out to walk from Bexhill to London, but was happily picked up by a furniture van after ten miles, with sixty more to go. A one-legged soldier cycled into London from Stratford.

Silk Hats and Milk Cans

Passengers stranded on the railway turned the trains into homes and slept in them. A party of girls stranded at Crewe set out to tramp to North Wales; and a bishop stranded at Liverpool cycled to Preston and picked up a train for Newcastle.

A young lady walking to London was overtaken by a well-dressed man pushing a bath-chair, who offered to wheel her to town, and did so. A man in a frock-coat and silk hat was wheeling a barrow of milk cans at Aberdeen station.

Outside an exhibition in London was this jolly notice: "You can't get out of London, and you won't want to once you're in here." Another said: "Come in here and forget the strike."

The first train leaving Exeter to London was so packed that the last passenger jumped in through the window, feet first. A train leaving Ilford had 24 in a compartment, and when a 25th pushed rudely in, No. 24 called: "No, you don't come in like that!" And No. 25, remembering himself,

apologised profusely, was gladly admitted, and was everybody's friend to the journey's end.

In Birmingham a minister called on 30 members of his congregation and took them to feed the railway horses.

Passengers Get Out and Walk

As trains reached a level crossing the stoker was set down to open the gates, and then jumped up while the train went slowly on; then the guard jumped down to shut them, and the train went full steam ahead. One train took nine hours to come from Bourne-mouth; and stories are told of a train that crept like a tortoise, pulled up with heaves and jerks, and did thirty miles in under five hours, when the passengers got out, wished the volunteer driver good luck, and walked!

Good-humoured passengers on some of the trains passed round a cap for the driver. In one case they raised £20.

Hundreds of young drivers, fresh from the Army, joined the food caravanserai at Hyde Park. They would go anywhere and drive anything, and on their vans they chalked the sort of names they learned to love on the roads in France:

The Cow and Pump.
The Silver Stream.
The Great White Way.
Marmalade Emma.
The Dairy Birds.
Women and children first.

Please do not throw money at us; it worries the driver.

Peace Work for Warships

It seems as if there were really no limits to the resourcefulness of a nation in difficulty. Here are some of the ways in which the situation was met.

A warship brought 25 tons of yeast from Londonderry to an English port; another brought mails to London.

A great engineering firm, not able to rely on the post, established an

aeroplane mail between its London office and its shipyard in the North.

A theatrical company due at Portsmouth flew there in aeroplanes, and in other towns theatres carried on with their programmes for another week.

In Nottingham the actors went through their performances in ordinary clothes and without scenery.

Roller-skates and motor-scooters came into their own, and groups of cyclists rode through Oxford Street as if it had been a country lane. Forty cyclists passed one point in 60 seconds.

Buses came from almost everywhere to London; an old Penzance omnibus was seen in Fleet Street.

Camberwell being short of milk for babies, the mayor ran a four-ton lorry to Gloucestershire and brought it back full of milk.

The Old Cart

A very old farm cart from Hertfordshire crawled up to town and delivered eggs at West End shops.

The secretary of a London institution came to London every day in an invalid chair drawn by a donkey.

Fifty volunteers being wanted to unload milk in Hyde Park, the request was made known on the screen at a cinema house, and the helpers came immediately.

Old velocipedes were seen again in London; and on the Sevenoaks road an old motor-car rattled bravely on, with wheels as high as the door-handle and the radiator tied with string.

The Office of Works equipped itself to provide 20,000 beds for Government servants.

A man who missed a train at Morpeth took a motor-car and caught it up at Newcastle, 16 miles farther south.

Everybody helped. Hundreds of thousands of people offered their services to minister to the nation's needs.

There was a professor of mathematics working at Euston, and on another

line the general manager's son served as a stoker. The Sheriff of York drove a train from York to Newcastle, and another main-line train was driven by Captain Guest, M.P.

Everybody Busy

A duke was driving a lorry for the G.W.R., and a peer's son stoked the fire of an express from Liverpool to Euston, which brought to town some of the Transport Workers' delegates and 500 other people.

Lady Drogheda drove food carts at Paddington from four o'clock in the morning. A countess was busy with her sleeves turned up, and a peer drove a lorry for a firm at Carlisle.

A girl in Huntingdonshire, who goes to school in Cambridge, cycled daily to and from school, a distance of nearly twenty miles.

A man going to Nottingham for a bankruptcy examination drove his own train from Kidderminster; the M.P. for East Cornwall was stoker on a Reading train; and Mr. A. E. Lawton, the county cricketer, was fireman on a Manchester to London train.

Little Tragedies

There were little tragedies, too. There was the sad case of the horses left without food; there were dogs and poultry and other dumb friends on the line; and a cow detained in a wagon near Hitchin took the opportunity of bringing a little calf into the world.

A woman on the way to Cardiff was held up with six children, stranded and penniless. A London doctor who received a telegram that his mother was dying at Birmingham reached that town on a newspaper lorry.

A poor woman whose child was ill set out to walk 80 miles to Hayling Island, and, with a few lifts, got there in two days.

MAROONED IN ENGLAND

30,000 PEOPLE WHO CAN-
NOT GET OUT

Held Fast by Want of Ships
STOPPING THE TIDE OF
PROSPERITY

Every boy has probably imagined himself marooned, after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, on some lonely island, and left to shift for himself. Well, there are many thousands of people marooned in England at this moment by the cruel effects of the war, though they are not exactly lonely.

They have been cast upon our shores by what writers call 'the tide of circumstances,' and they cannot get away.

There are nearly 15,000 people wishing to go to South Africa, 10,000 to India, and over 4,000 to Australia, about 30,000 people, all of whom have sent in their names to the shipping companies to book berths, but without success. All that the companies could do was to place them in a queue, in order of application, and the queue stretched out to thousands beyond thousands.

The Reason Why

Why can they not go? The reason is that we have not the ships to take them. That is partly owing to the slow movement of our ships. Many ships have been sent to Australia to carry home the men who fought so bravely in the war, and to bring back the food Australia has sold to us and holds in store; but a strike in Australia has caused much delay in unloading and loading the ships, and when they reach this country again there is not enough dock-room for them.

Also, some of the ships we have been using are German merchant ships that were interned in neutral ports during the war and have now been handed over to us in place of the ships the Germans sunk by submarines and mines.

Poor German Ships

These German ships have been lying in harbour for nearly five years unused, and have become coated outside with barnacles, and their engines are in poor condition, so that they can only steam slowly, so slowly that they can hardly carry enough coal to last them to Australia. When some of these ships get back from one voyage nobody wishes to use them again until they are cleaned and refitted.

This shortage of ships is not only marooning in crowded England thousands who wish to go home, but is preventing English travellers from going abroad for trading purposes, and getting orders for manufactures that would set our people busily at work. We are all penned in together by the want of ships.

The difficulty will have gone, it is expected, by the spring, unless strikes stop the trade that carries prosperity round the earth.

THE TALKING GLOVE

For Blind and Deaf People

An extraordinary invention is announced from America, where a doctor has devised a glove which can be worn by people who are both blind and deaf, enabling them to converse with others.

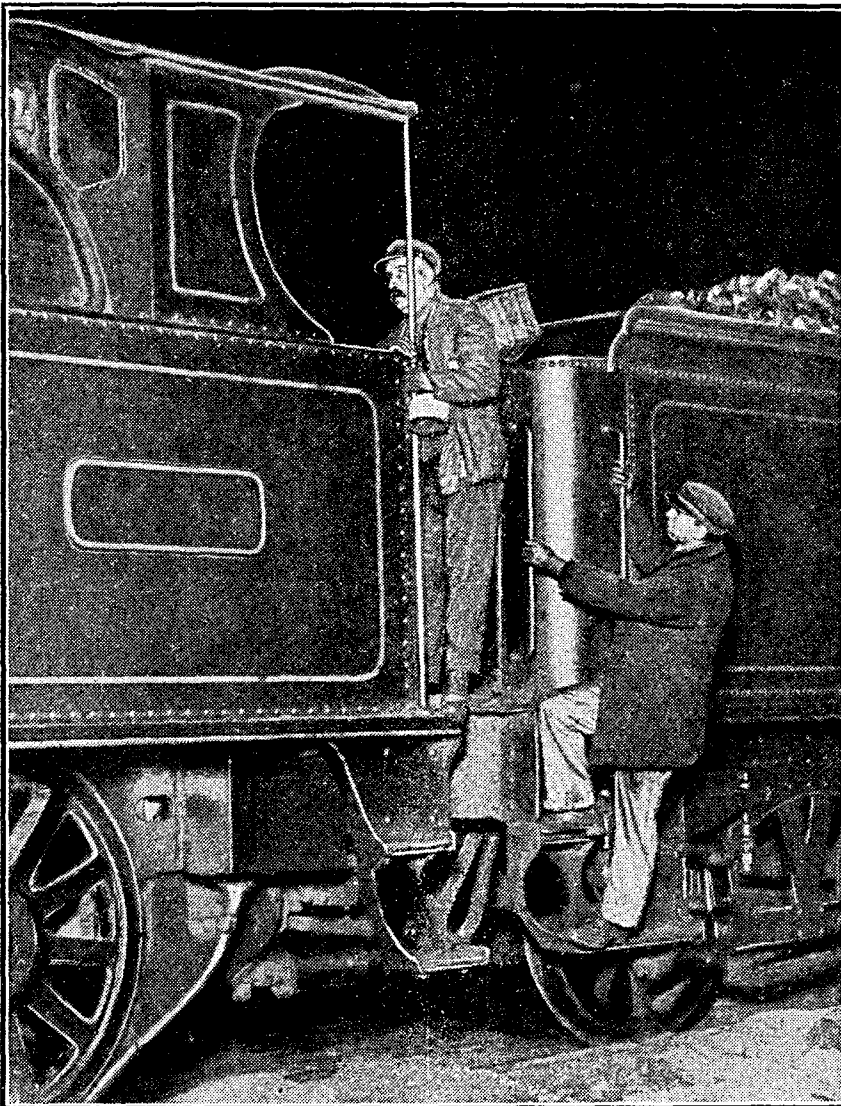
The letters of the alphabet are written in Braille type on the fingers of the glove, spaced out along their length, and the gloved hand is held out or laid on the table, and the finger touched upon each letter in turn to spell out the words.

THREE AIRSHIPS

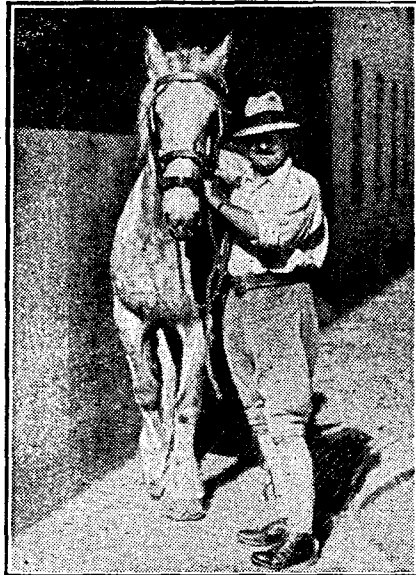
During the war British airships flew nearly three million miles, and only three were destroyed by fire.

One ran into some telegraph wires and caught fire, the crew escaping; another landed on the sea, and caught fire from unknown causes; and a third landed on top of another airship in a fog, and burst into flames.

DUMB FRIENDS ON THE SILENT RAILWAYS



Leaving the engine at midnight—The hour of the great strikes



Feeding the horses—On the right is Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood-Kelly, V.C.



Feeding goats and chickens stranded on the line

Many dumb friends were stranded on the 25,000 miles of railways in Great Britain when the trains stopped, but kindly friends looked after them until the wheels began to run again

A NIGHTCAP WITH ROBINSON CRUSOE

WHAT A SLEEPLESS
MAN SEES

A Pirate's Powder in Every
Chemist's Shop

STORY OF JAMES DOVER

A fierce pain gnaws at a wearied man's nerves, so his doctor says to him that he must take a Dover's powder at night. It is a horrible draught to drink, yet as the patient lies in his uneasy bed he forgets the nastiness of the dose in the visions that it brings.

Little ships are battling with the breezes round the world's rough seas, pirates are leaping from their decks, guns flash, cutlasses gleam, and marline-spikes whirl like corn-threshers and flails. Buccaneers are on shore pillaging golden treasures. New seas are being sounded, new lands discovered; men are living hard, fighting hard, and dying hard.

Buccaneer and Scholar

But ever amid it all there is a strange lean figure, hard and relentless, yet with something of the poet's romantic fervour dominating his mind and actions in his wildest excesses. And this man, amid the strife and peril, the hubbub and the triumph, is always writing; writing on the ship and on the shore, and in woods and in the cabin, writing a diary that is for everlasting.

Captain Dampier, pirate, buccaneer, tyrant, scholar; the greatest of unscientific scientists, the untaught master of magnificent English—this is he, writing up his adventures day by day, his observations on winds and currents, on bird and fish and beast and reptile, writing descriptions to which we have to refer even now, two centuries after his death. That is the figure who looms in the visions lured to the mind by Dover's powder.

Clad in Goatskins

And there is an island which seems enchanted, where a lone man dwells amid an ocean waste; a man clad in goatskins, with two huts of his own making, with knives formed from old iron hoops, with wild cats and wild goats tamed for his only companions. Surely it must be the island of Juan Fernandez, and Robinson Crusoe the man on it? Yes, it is, and a Dover's powder brings it all to mind.

For the man who first made this powder, and gave it his name, was James Dover, the discoverer of Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe, as we know, was Alexander Selkirk, of Largo, Fifeshire, who was marooned from one of Dampier's ships in the course of a disastrous voyage of piracy and exploration, and was left on his island for over four years.

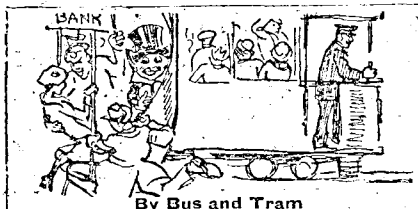
But when James Dover, the doctor, set out with two ships, as pirate and explorer, Dover was in command of one of the vessels and Dampier was his pilot; and by chance they called at Juan Fernandez, attracted there by a fire Robinson Crusoe had kindled.

Rescuer of Crusoe

Dover, the pirate-doctor, rescued Crusoe, and dosed him with powder, as he did all his men when they were plague-stricken after sacking the rich city of Guayaquil. All but eight out of 180 sailors were saved. They brought Robinson Crusoe home in a ship which carried plunder worth £200,000, and the immortal prisoner from the lonely island had £800 for his share.

His story was told in an account of the voyage, and from that account Daniel Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe," and Cowper wrote the equally immortal verses beginning "I am monarch of all I survey." Dover is forgotten as a seaman, but his discovery of Crusoe preserves his name in literature, and his powder is used in every house in the land.

HOW PETER PUCK GOT TO TOWN



By Bus and Tram



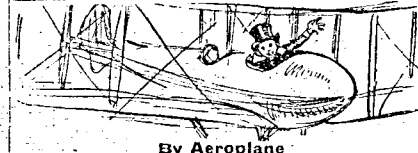
By Taxi



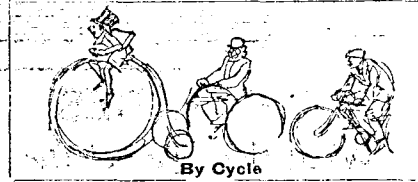
On a Tradesman's Van



In a Waggone



By Aeroplane



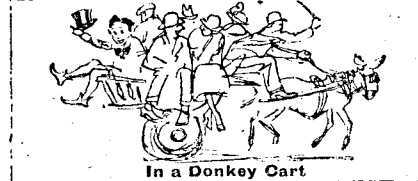
By Cycle



Walking



On Horseback



In a Donkey Cart



By Scooter



On Roller Skates



His Good Deed

Peter Puck made 12 journeys to town and back during the Great Strike. This is how he went

Secrets of the Animal World

TALKS FROM A PROFESSOR'S CHAIR

Why do Birds Fly Home? A Mighty Host of Penguins. Cleverness of a Wasp

A BOOK OF ANTS, FROGS, SNAILS, SHELLS, SIGHTS, AND SOUNDS

A Book Being Read Now
Secrets of Animal Life. By J. Arthur Thomson. 7s. 6d. net. Melrose.

Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, has the double distinction of being one of the most competent of living scientists and a charming writer, able to attract the general reader as well as the thoughtful student. He is a frequent contributor to the Children's Newspaper and its monthly companion, My Magazine.

In this book he looks about the animal world and talks of some of its mysteries. His range of subjects is very wide. Some concern individual animals, others lead us to the broader problems of life itself, and a number illustrate the idea of Evolution, which is the foundation whereon the whole book is built. But, whatever his topic, Professor Thomson is always informative, always stimulating, always entertaining. He is one of those men who see into the heart of things, and there is no dull page in all his books.

Why do Birds Fly Home?

The first secret into which Dr. Thomson admits us is the homing instinct that "leads a swallow to return from its wintering in the south to the Scottish farm-stead where it was born the year before." How does the bird know which way to fly, and how does it find its way?

It may at once be admitted that the secret remains unsolved. The experiments made with marked birds have, however, produced some interesting facts. The birds will fly home 800 miles in a few days, but how they know their way is still a mystery. The most experienced observers have not yet found evidence of any special sense of direction.

Another bird study shows us the quaint ways of the penguin in its Antarctic home. It cannot fly; it can only waddle along, or toboggan on its breast, pushed by its legs behind, like propellers, at a pace of two-thirds of a mile an hour, while it wheezes as if out of breath. Yet it migrates for hundreds of miles to its familiar nesting-place.

The Playful Penguin

Towards the middle of October a single penguin was seen on the rookery at Cape Adare. Two days after there were two, and next day about a score; but the next day across the sea-ice could be seen a long line approaching as far as the horizon, and by the end of the month the rookery was crammed with three-quarters of a million birds.

By what guidance came they there across the trackless frozen sea?

The penguins have only three enemies, says Dr. Thomson—their fellow-penguins, man, and the sea-leopard. This last enemy, who swallows them whole, they regard with terror. One of their games, for they delight in organised play, is to follow each other in a line, diving into the sea like boys on a slide; but before they start they try all kinds of tricks not to be the first to make the plunge where the sea-leopard may be lying in wait.

Sometimes they assemble in thousands, and go through a perfectly ordered drill exercise for hours.

The male and female penguins take turns on the nest during hatching, at intervals of eight or ten days, during which the nesting bird fasts. They have been known to fast for 28 days.

Again, with the penguin as with the homing swallow, we observe and wonder, but do not understand its ways.

The Clever Wasp

A chapter on wasps contains fine tributes to their cleverness, especially their "triumphantly skilful use of materials" in building their nest.

An elegant house of paper fabricated from salivated shavings planed from fences and disbarbed branches; storey hung from storey, with perfect economy of space and security of ventilation; a compacted framework of hundreds of cradles rivaling the honeycomb of hive-bees; and outside it all a series of rain-proof and wind-proof envelopes.

But the cleverness of the wasp is not confined to its architecture. Here is Dr. Thomson's description of other features worthy of admiration.

There is the creature's strength displayed in lifting a drone-fly half its own size off the ground and carrying it through the air; there is the contrivance in cutting off the wings of a big insect before it tries to transport it through the air; there is the uncanny power of flying backwards in front of one's bicycle for a quarter of a mile at a time.

How a Bird Talks

Can birds talk? Though they have no language for conversational purposes, like man, Dr. Thomson is convinced they have words of their own.

Words are uttered when we move suddenly beneath the trees, and other words are uttered when a bird intrudes on the precincts of a neighbour's nest; there is a word when the rook sinks down upon the nest, and another word when it flies clear of the rookery and makes for the fields.

What danger-signals, what scoldings, what satisfaction, what exaltation, what reproaches, what encouragements, do we not hear? There is no doubt the members of the crow family have fine brains and a power of vocalisation.

Puzzle of the Cuckoo

Of course, Professor Thomson takes a turn in trying to read the secrets of the cuckoo's life. He reminds us that each cuckoo keeps to one kind of nest and lays one suitable kind of egg. The cuckoo that uses a hedge-sparrow's nest will not use a robin's nest.

Occasionally the cuckoo makes a mistake. It will even place its egg, though very rarely, in the nest of a bird that does not feed on the kind of food a young cuckoo must have. In such a case the suggestion is that the bird was disturbed or harried when it made the unfortunate selection.

We have only had space to dip into this attractive book, but wherever it is tested it provides interesting observation and good reading. Ants, frogs, snails, shells, whales, otters, are discussed, with country sights, sounds, and odours, the changes of the year, and a full round of the mysteries that underlie life in plant, beast, and man, and no subject is touched without being pleasantly illuminated.

We are grateful to our accomplished guide for the happy way in which he stirs our interest and stimulates our thought and observation. J. D.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

HOW FRANCE DROVE OUT 400,000 PEOPLE

Old Man in a Basket Over St. Paul's

WHAT NELSON & CHAUCER DID

Oct. 19. Dean Swift died at Dublin, 1743

20. Sir Christopher Wren born, 1632

21. Death of Nelson at Trafalgar, 1805

22. Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685

23. Battle of Edgehill, 1642

24. Tycho Brahe, Danish astronomer, died, 1601

25. Geoffrey Chaucer died at Westminster, 1400

THE Edict of Nantes, signed in 1598, protected the Huguenots, or Protestants of France, from persecution, but after 86 years it was set aside in 1685, the result being that 400,000 French Protestants were obliged to leave their country.

Many came to England and brought great skill in manufactures, from which England gained much advantage at the expense of France, which had thus, through religious bigotry, driven out some of her best citizens.

Christopher Wren

NO English architect has such fame as Sir Christopher Wren, of whom it is said on his tomb in the noble cathedral of St. Paul's, which he built, "If you seek his monument, look around."

It was the Great Fire of London, in 1666, that cleared the ground for the building of the new St. Paul's and for fifty other City churches which Wren planned. He wished to lay out the whole City, but only a few of his proposals were used.

Sir Christopher was known as a distinguished man of science before he became an architect. He was professor of astronomy at Oxford, where he had been educated, and took up architecture in order to repair college buildings.

When the upper part of St. Paul's was being built, Wren was an old man over 70, and in order to see how the workmen were getting on he used to have himself drawn up from the floor in a basket.

Nelson

OF great captains England has had a wondrous store, but no one fought so often, on such a great scale, with so much depending on victory, and with such romantic heroism as Nelson, or died so gloriously in the hour of splendid triumph.

It was not till he was nearly forty that he found himself in the first of the four great battles by which he made himself the inspiring spirit of the British Fleet.

At Cape St. Vincent he fought the whole Spanish fleet with one ship. At the Nile he destroyed the French Mediterranean fleet, far larger than his own. At Copenhagen he won a battle which his commander-in-chief had lost. At Trafalgar he destroyed the combined French and Spanish fleets, and died in the hour of victory which made his country mistress of the seas.

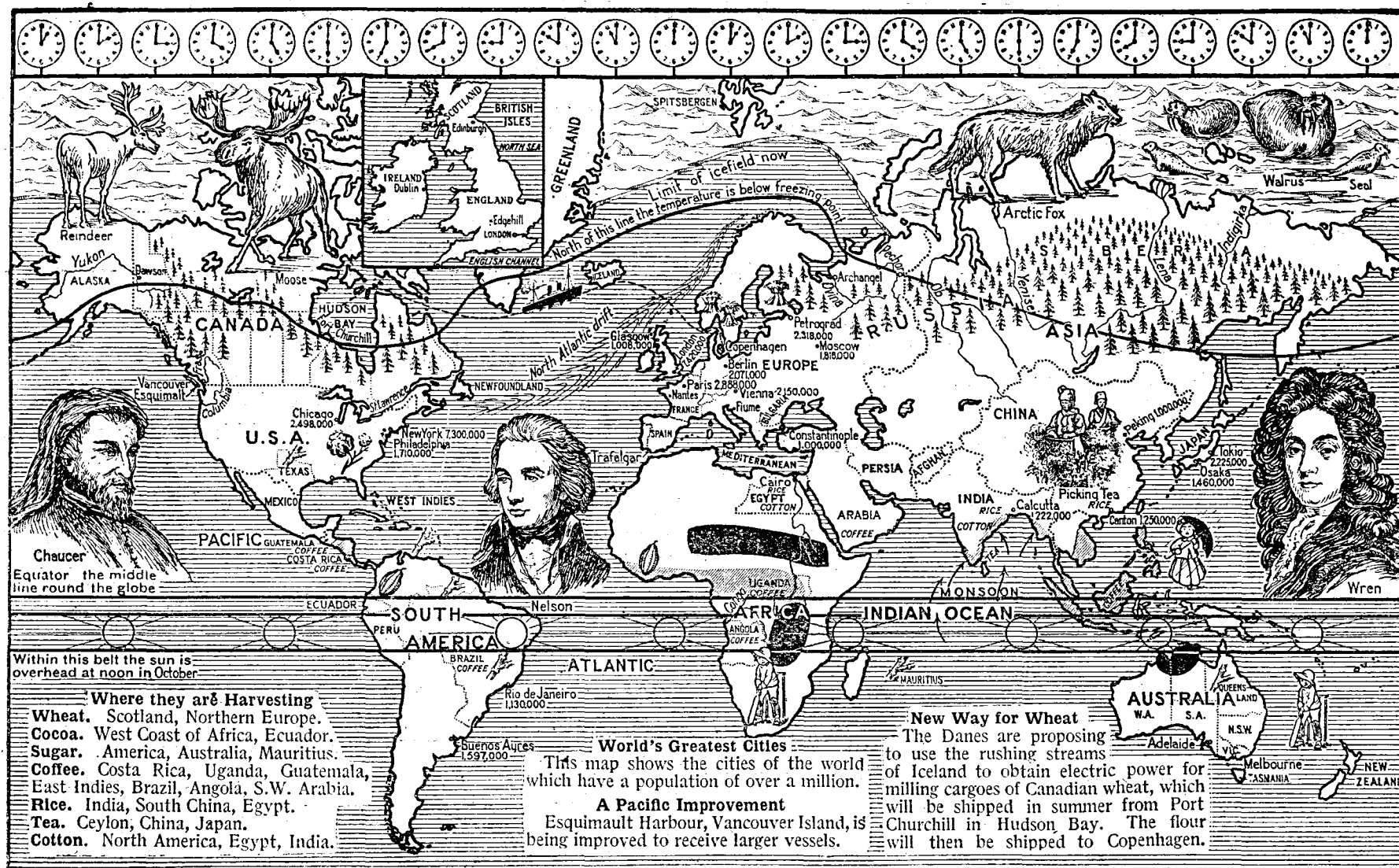
Nelson knew no fear, and all his men adored him.

Geoffrey Chaucer

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, wrote just at that time when Saxon speech had been combined with Norman French to make the language which has become the richest and most widely used of all the tongues of mankind. His "Canterbury Tales"—the tales told by the pilgrims on their way to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury—is the first great book in English that we can read.

As a young man Chaucer was a soldier-squire, and then joined what we now call the Civil Service. He was a scholarly man, gentle, humorous, and a lover of out-door beauty. We know the men and women of his time better through his books than in any other way, for he was big enough to like all kinds of men, and could picture them clearly.

PICTURE-MAP OF THE WORLD, WITH NATURAL EVENTS & GREATEST CITIES



SHIP'S LIVING COAT

Brushing off the Barnacles

INVENTION FOR SAVING TIME AND MONEY

A very expensive item in connection with the upkeep of a ship has always been the cleaning of the outside of the hull from barnacles and other marine growths that coat the outside of a vessel after a sea voyage. The long delay in cleaning vessels is one of the difficulties now experienced at the docks.

The present method is for an army of men to scrape the hull of the ship in dry dock, a process involving much time. The dry dock charges alone may amount to about £185 a day in London, and while being cleaned the vessel is useless.

Now, by a recent invention which has been exhaustively tested at Portsmouth and Southampton, all this is to be changed. With the help of machinery four men can now clean the hull of a vessel while it is still in the water, in about eight hours, and the loading or unloading of the ship can go on at the same time. It is expected that when the new method comes into general use a vast amount of time and hundreds of thousands of pounds will be saved.

The apparatus consists of a frame carrying a revolving brush worked by a submersible motor. A screw-propeller at the back of the frame forces the brush against the side of the vessel, and the barnacles are scraped off very rapidly.

WASTE WATER OF A HOUSE

In the great search for power now going on, all schemes are receiving attention, however small.

A new idea emanating from America, where there are many enormous buildings, is to collect all the waste water from each of these, and use it to drive a water-wheel, which could be made to provide electric light for the building, or be put to some other useful purpose.

SHARK SHOES

Leather from a Devil Fish

The great shortage of hides has led to a good deal of experimenting with the skin of monster fishes, and a "sea leather" company is already at work making shoe-leather from the skins of the shark, the devil fish, the porpoise, and the dog fish.

The skins are treated by a special process of tanning, and the leather is already in use for the manufacture of bags, belts, card cases, and so on. Ten square feet of leather is obtained from the hide of a shark weighing 500 pounds, and a softer leather—like kid—is got also from the stomach. A good devil fish yields 100 square feet of leather.

THE BOOK FOR A BOY

A capital story-book of the war is "For England's Honour," by Albert Lee, issued by Morgan & Scott.

It is the story of family adventures during the war—of boys who go soldiering, and girls who take their part in hospital work. Beginning with scout duties at home, it makes the round of the war fronts.

The tone of the book is thoroughly good, the style is vigorous, the characters are brave; and happy will be the boy who gets the story as a prize, and the boy's sister who is allowed to read it.

X-RAY FOR FINDING THIEVES

The native workmen in a South African diamond mine are made to pass, one by one, before a powerful X-ray installation while the superintendent examines the entire body in a few seconds by means of a fluoroscope. In this way stones which have been hidden or swallowed are discovered.

The X-rays are also being used to distinguish real diamonds from false, the difference under the penetrating light of the rays being clearly shown.

POOR EDITOR OF THE RICH

Burke's Peerage is the great reference book of the nobility. Its editor has just died almost as poor as a man can die, for he left only £271.

OCTOBER WEATHER ON THE MAP

Long Arctic Night Begins

The Indian monsoon is retreating, and only south and south-east are receiving rain.

The world's wettest regions in October, where over eight inches of rain falls, are shown shaded. The hottest areas, where the temperature is over 90 degrees, are shown black. Both these areas are now farther south, owing to the sun being south of the Equator.

The northern icefield is extending south. In the Arctic the long winter night has begun. Archangel can still be reached by ships, owing to the warm water of the North Atlantic Drift. The Arctic fox, brown in summer, is about to don his white coat, and the moose is getting lighter in colour.

LITTLE NATION'S VOTES

Luxembourg Keeps its Duchess

The little state of Luxembourg has been voting to determine how it shall be governed. All were asked to say whether they prefer to be ruled by the present Grand Duchess Charlotte; or by another Grand Duchess; or whether they wish to have a Republic. There were 125,000 voters, and of these about 90,000 voted, and the rest took no part in the election. The votes were:

For the Grand Duchess Charlotte	66,811
For another Duchess	1286
For a Republic	16,885

So the Grand Duchess continues her reign, but not by the vote of half her people.

Another question was whether they should for purposes of trade be linked with France or Belgium. The voting was:

For union with France	60,135
For union with Belgium	22,242

In the voting for a ruler there were 5113 spoilt papers, and in voting on the trade question 8609 spoilt papers, a result which seems to show a great want of education.

LOST CITIES

What the Eyes of the Aeroplane See

REVEALING THE SECRET OF THE SANDS

In the great Taklamaka Desert, between Kashmir and China, a civilisation is buried in rolling sands.

British explorers have revealed a little of the wonderful history of the vanished desert people, but the work of finding the sites of lost cities was so difficult and slow that it seemed as though excavations would go on for hundreds of years. By the development of photography from flying machines, however, the discovery of the lost cities of the Asian desert has been made easy.

To the camera-eyes of a flying-machine, with its special lenses, the sand covering a lost city is only camouflage. There are differences in the colour of deep sand over empty ground and shallow sand over a ruined wall, and these differences, which can only be traced from the air, enable explorers to begin excavating with good prospects. In clear weather, flying over the desert is fairly easy, while travelling over the waterless sand with camels is one of the most dangerous of enterprises.

Our airmen have already learned from warfare in Eastern deserts how to avoid the blinding and choking sandstorms, and in the terrible Taklamaka waste they will be able to do more exploring in an hour than a camel caravan could do in a month or a year. In ancient times, the commerce between China and Greek colonies in Asia passed by the Taklamaka, and some years ago Sir Aurel Stein added a new chapter to the history of the world by the discovery of the arts and records of some of the buried cities on the fringe of the desert.

AMERICA'S DAILY FOOD

It is stated from New York that the value of the food eaten each day in the United States is £10,000,000.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 18 1919

Our Country Over All

A DARK shadow has passed over the land we love, but it has passed away, as shadows do. It will have been worth while if we learn one lesson from it, the lesson of our country over all.

More than all is this land of ours, and to whom does she belong? Not to any section of her people, not to all the sections of her people put together; she belongs to all who are born and all who are to be born. This cradle of the English-speaking race belongs to yesterday, today, and forever.

And never has this land been nearer to catastrophe than in those fateful days when half a million angry railwaymen declared a war against the nation. A great and splendid body are the railwaymen, but those who appeal to Force to settle rights and wrongs appeal to a power that has neither heart nor reason.

The Germans appealed to Force in a bad cause; the railwaymen appealed to Force in a good cause. Both had a mighty power in their hands which they used for themselves against all others, and the lesson of the strike is the lesson of the war—that there must be an end to the power of kings or committees to strike a sudden blow at the people.

The hope of the world is in a League of Nations; the hope of Britain is in a League of the Nation. There must be justice for all within its bounds, but order and law are the first essentials of justice, and must not be upset for private ends.

Strikes and wars must go. The Germans refused a conference in August, 1914, and the Great War has ended with a League of Nations built up on the principle that if war shall ever break out again the world shall have nine months' notice. The railwaymen's conference broke up in September, 1919, and it should end in a peace built up on the principle that no strike shall ever begin without three months' notice.

Give us breathing time to face the dangers coming on, and we shall find a way to master them. A war that waits nine months to begin will never begin at all, and it is so with strikes; and in those great days coming,

When none are for a party
And all are for the State,
When the great man helps the poor,

And the poor man loves the great,
there will be no room for wars or strikes. They can go out of the world with all the bad old things, and in their place the people will build up a great machinery of peace that will secure for all who are worthy the means of justice, a fair reward for toil, and a good chance of a happy life. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Elastic Railways

IT is thrilling to think what a nation can do in its hour of need. The railways, whose sudden stopping threatened us with disaster, are eighty years old, and they creep about today for most of us a little faster than George Stephenson could have made them go. But how wonderful was the setting up of rapid lines of communication throughout the country by road and aeroplane! The little self-combustion engine can beat the locomotive engine easily, and it has done wonders.

This little map shows a few of the main flying and motor routes established in the first few days of the strike.



The country suddenly found itself with a flying post, with fifty aeroplanes distributing mails faster than any train could.

A railway train thinks a great deal of itself, but it will raise its cap some day to the little engine that gives us elastic railways, carrying us where we will.

P.O. Manners

We present this faithful account of an actual telephone occurrence, with our compliments, to the Postmaster-General.

Bell rings. Subscriber takes up receiver.
Voice: Number, please?
Subscriber: The bell rang.
Voice: It didn't.

Subscriber: I beg your pardon.
Voice: The bell didn't ring.

Subscriber: Will you kindly remember to whom you are speaking?

The bell rang, and I came in response.

Voice: Well, I didn't ring it.

Subscriber: Then we will have a little lesson in manners, please. Kindly give me the supervisor.

Voice: He is away.

Subscriber: Then please give me your exchange.

Voice: There's nobody there.

Subscriber: Then—

Voice: Oh, I haven't time to be bothered with you! I'm very busy.

Subscriber: Kindly give me the G.P.O.

Voice: Oh (excitedly), here you are!
And at last the subscriber is through.

Bad Films

THE Liverpool magistrates have punished a boy by forbidding him to go to cinemas for a year. It is, no doubt, a wise punishment, but would it not be wiser to punish those who make wrong by showing bad films which ruin boys?

Idle Brains

ONE of the oddest, yet most serious, things in life is the habit of allowing brains to go to sleep in the open day when the world is busy around—and we are moving in its midst.

It is laughed at and excused as "absence of mind." But really it is careless incompetence that everyone should be ashamed of, and determine never to allow in himself.

A railway company has just been selling things left behind and unclaimed, and we notice among them: bedsteads, bath chairs, surgical instruments, tarpaulins, china and glass, cricket bats, golf clubs, fishing rods, gramophone records, jewellery, and all kinds of clothes—all calmly left behind by idle-minded travellers. How people can walk away contentedly and leave such things, although they know they had them, is one of life's unsolved mysteries; but they do it. And then they wonder why they do not succeed.

Tip-Cat

A CRITIC thinks that to appreciate modern masters of music the public requires comfortable seats. It simply can't stand them.

Song for the consumer: Ask Me No More.

Owing to a strike the Paris theatres have been shut down. The actors have had to shut up.

Mr. Samuel protests that people spend too much money. They certainly get too little for it.

There is no truth in the rumour that the whole Cabinet has caught cold. It is merely suffering from a Chur-chill.

What gave the window pane? Seeing the Venetian blind.

Quite at home during the railway strike: The Walking Parson.

Can the roller skate? No, but the water-can.

All this talk of nationalisation must increase the coal shortage, for they say the coalowners are so deeply moved that none of them can discuss it without a lump in his throat.

The rat-catchers are preparing for Rat Week. The rats are packing up their traps and taking cover.

Kaiser Stories

NO more stories about the Kaiser are to be told in German schools. We hope they will tell the truth about him instead.

Timing an Egg

A TELEPHONE subscriber the other day rang up the Exchange and asked for his bell to be rung in three minutes. This was done, and the subscriber thanked the operator, saying he had been timing the boiling of an egg. Personally, we should not time our eggs by the telephone—unless we wanted them boiled very hard indeed.

Business as Usual

By Harold Begbie

WHILE the strike was going on Dinky Jane and Tubby John. In their nursery, 'neath the tiles. Held the fort for Love and Smiles.

ON that strewn and cheerful floor Life went on as heretofore, Railways ran, and butchers' shops Almost burst with steaks and chops.

DOLLS had heaps of frocks and hats, Cooking stoves were drowned in fats, And no milk churn from the Park Was required for Noah's Ark.

HERE did all Life's funny wheels, Lessons, washings, games, and meals, Run as smoothly as the clock, And *that* struck without a shock.

BETTER than the world outside, Full of anger, hate, and pride, Is the room of Love upstairs, Where each night a mother hears Her two children's pretty prayers.

OUR policemen should not let Stupid grown-up folk forget, In a world so frail and brittle, All they knew when they were little.

Room for Kindness

SOME workhouse figures show that it costs 9s. 7d. a week to keep a child on the barest possible allowance. Then is it mean or just or generous for a great nation to allow 6s. 8d. a week for a child whose father gave its life for it? Perhaps the War Office will try to be kinder to our little ones.



The Profiteer's Last Journey

The tribunals set up for punishing the Profiteer are now getting to work all over the country

The People's Strike Motto

We live, we love, we learn, and when we come

To square the ledger in some thoughtful hour,

The everlasting answer to the sum

Is always this: "Where's sense in getting sour?"

From a popular book of Australian verse, The Sentimental Bloke, by C. J. Dennis.

BRITISH FOOD FLEET

WHY NOT?

75 in 100 People Reached by Water

HOW THE RAILWAYS DESTROYED THE WATERWAYS

Is it possible to set up for the United Kingdom a great Food Fleet that will guard us from the menace of starvation if railways break down?

We do not use our waterways sufficiently in this country, largely because the railways themselves, or the owners of the railways, have deliberately ruined most of them. Even our ports, however, might be much more largely used now for the distribution of our food. Consider the facts of the case.

Naturally, towns are built beside rivers, especially where they are navigable for ships, and therefore dense populations have formed within easy reach of the sea.

London is the best instance; but South Lancashire around Liverpool and Manchester, the Humber, Wearside, Tyneside, and the Clyde are almost equally striking. Even inland cities like Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds and Leicester are on rivers and canals.

Ships as Food Centres

It is calculated that half the population of the country is settled within 15 miles of a port, and that 25 per cent. more could be served conveniently from the ports by lorry traffic or inland waterways, so that only a quarter of the people are beyond easy reach by water.

Why, then, should not our coasting shipping make the ports, large and small, become centres for the distribution of food and goods to the bulk of the population? It would relieve immensely the traffic on the railways, and the nation's dependence on them.

No country has a finer river system than England, and this was magnificently improved about a century and a quarter ago by the Duke of Bridgewater, who spent a fortune in constructing canals to link up the rivers. He shares the honour of this work with his brilliant engineer, James Brindley.

Disastrous Change

But when the railway mania came, and railways sprang up all over the country, the companies became alarmed at the thought of a rival system.

The canal companies were equally alarmed, and believed that their profits would disappear when the more rapid railway transit came into general use. They were, therefore, as anxious to sell their canals as the railway companies were to buy, and the transfer took place, with disastrous results to the country.

Some canals were allowed to run dry and railways were laid along them; others were neglected, and difficulties put in the way of would-be users; until at last the inland waterways of England—at one time the very life of the nation, carrying food and materials to all parts of the country—fell into decay. Many of our inconveniences and discomforts during the war and the strike were due to this short-sighted policy of ignorance and greed in the past.

Destruction of Rivers

The natural rivers were also neglected. One fine river running through the heart of England, formerly a great and prosperous waterway with flourishing towns on its banks, is now little better than a weed-infested water-course used for boating and fishing. The navigation rights are held by private individuals who, owing to some dispute, keep the locks shut at one time, and at another time throw them open, allowing the water to run away.

It is the folly of this sort of thing that the strike and the war has revealed to us. England has 3900 miles of canals, and it is cheering to know that they are to be made useful for the transport of goods in the near future.

REVOLUTION BY SCHOOL CHILDREN

It would be difficult to imagine all the children living in Cornwall carrying on their daily conversation in French or some other foreign language, wearing foreign clothes in a foreign way, and playing strange games like the children of a foreign country.

If anybody suggested this you would be astonished; yet such a revolution has quietly taken place in the towns and villages of western Belgium.

It has been wrought by the little people who, in the early weeks of the great war, lived in Ostend, Newport, Antwerp, or within easy distance by road and rail of these coast towns.

To escape from the approaching Germans thousands of them were collected on the wharfs at Ostend and Antwerp and shipped to England and safety.

The little refugees were received with open arms, and in British homes during

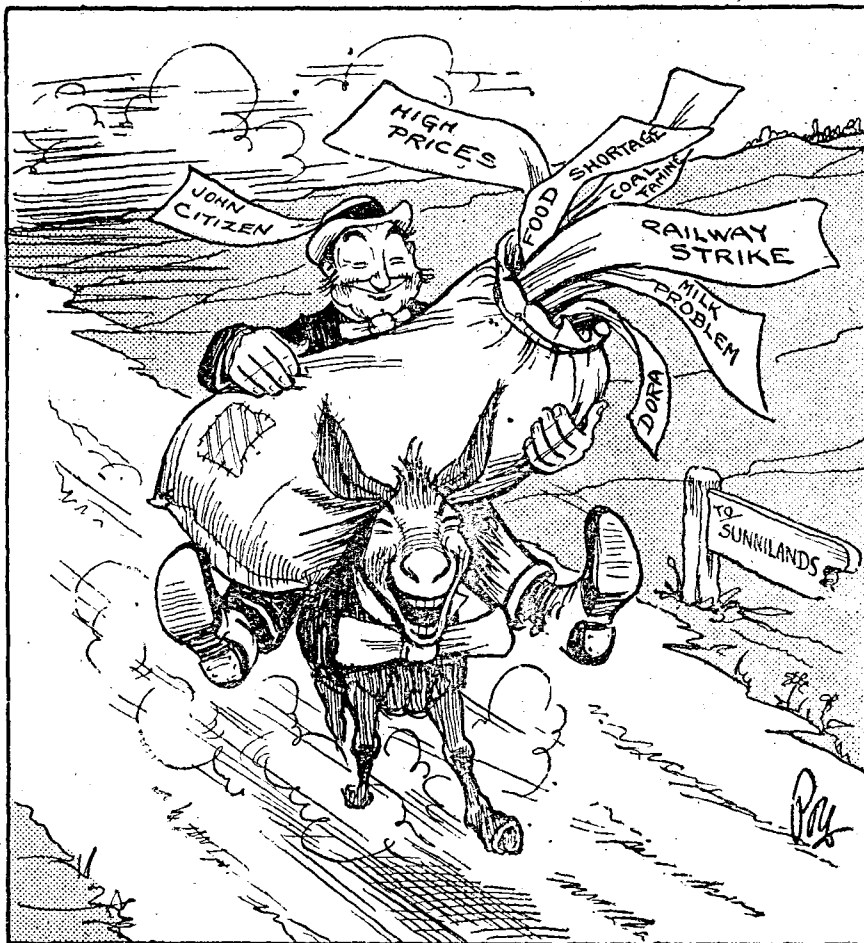
the long years of the war they acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, and all the habits and interests of their English playmates.

And now that the youthful refugees have returned to Belgium the English language has become as common as the native tongue between these sea and Ypres.

If you could take a walk today along the glorious front at Ostend, you would hear the children you pass speaking to one another in pure English. You could pick out the dialects of Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Midlands, Wales, or the South; but always it is English you hear, and the idioms of the English streets. These restored little ones have copied, too, the fashions and games of the country which gave them shelter from the Germans.

This revolution by children will prove of great benefit to British traders in the coming years of prosperity and peace.

JOHN CITIZEN PACKS UP HIS TROUBLES



In the Great Strike, as in the Great War, John Citizen packed up his troubles in his old kit-bag and smiled, smiled, smiled

WHY DID THE LION LEAVE INDIA?

It made a good naturalist rub his eyes to read that a magnificent lion and lioness had arrived at the London Zoo from India.

People who are not naturalists would be less surprised than those who are, for is not the lion at home in India? they would ask. The truth is that the lion is nearly extinct there.

How, then, does it happen that India can send us lions? Simply because India now imports them from Africa, and these two fine creatures now imported are the offspring of African parents, born in a rajah's menagerie.

It has never been explained why the lion should vanish from Asia generally, and from India particularly, while the tiger flourishes throughout the areas of the continent. Hunting by men is an obvious reason of the lion's disappearance, but the tiger is hunted with ardour every year, and yet defies all

efforts to keep down its numbers. Tigers and leopards teem in this ancient haunt of wild life from where the monarch of the cats has disappeared.

There are more things in the natural history of the great cats than we yet know. Lions, tigers, and leopards thrive side by side in some parts of Asia, yet Africa has never had a native tiger. We say that in Africa the leopard "takes the place of the tiger," as the jaguar and puma take the place of lion, tiger, and leopard in America; but all three are found together in one continent. Why not on another, then? Are we to suppose that tigers developed later than lions and leopards, and that lions and leopards reached Africa from Asia before tigers had taken their place in the scheme of life?

Be that as it may, the tiger is supreme in India, while the lion is no longer there, except for a few rare creatures.

DARKEST HOUR OF BRITAIN

When We Nearly Lost the War

DRAMATIC REVELATION

We are nearing the anniversary of one of the darkest days of our dreams—dark, let us thank God, in dreams only, for it is the date on which those who knew the facts two years ago were afraid for the safety of our land.

During the Great War everyone felt that there were several turning points for the better, but there was one turning point of which the onlooking people did not know, because it was concealed from friend and foe alike.

When that point came has now been revealed in an article in Pearson's Magazine by the splendid American sailor Admiral Sims, who commanded the American fleet. The time was the summer of 1917, rather more than a year before the end of the war.

Our Tremendous Losses

Admiral Sims says, and he knows, that November 1, 1917, was the date when British officials calculated we should be beaten unless a turn in the war came in our favour.

German submarines were sinking merchant vessels at such a rate in the spring of 1917 that soon there would be too small a number left to feed us from abroad and bring the American troops across the Atlantic. Figures were given in the papers, but the tonnage destroyed was three or four times as large as the British public was allowed to know. In the spring of 1917 it reached:

February	536,000 tons
March	603,000 "
April nearly ..	900,000 "

The Government ceased to tell the world the tonnage lost.

The Turn of the Tide

Admiral Sims came over to judge for his country how the war went on. He came in civilian clothes, and called himself Mr. J. V. Richardson on the vessel that brought him. When he reached England he was staggered by the losses revealed to him; and, oddly enough, his own ship was torpedoed.

"It looks as if the Germans were winning the war," he said to Jellicoe.

"They will unless we stop these losses, and stop them soon," replied Jellicoe.

Admiral Sims saw the King. The King knew, and told him the same. Only the people did not know. All who knew were very, very serious and anxious.

The last turn came when, gradually, we were able by new inventions to counteract the submarines. It was the men afloat that did it.

This appalling approach to what seemed almost inevitable disaster was the burden the members of the Government were silently bearing, and the people did not know.

THROUGH THE GATES

There were remarkably few accidents during the railway strike, but one train of 400 people had an exciting moment.

Near Gloucester the level-crossing gates were closed when the train approached at fifty miles an hour, too late to pull up. The only thing to do was to crash through the gates, and the train did so. The gates were smashed to splinters and the ruins piled up on the engine.

The train then stopped, passengers cleared away the wreckage, and soon they were off again, with no one hurt.

A KITTEN FLIES

A tremendous impetus has been given to flight during the last few weeks, and large quantities of perishable goods and private parcels have been sent by air. Newspapers have also been distributed by aeroplane, and among the cargoes sent by plane from London to Paris the other day was a little kitten.

NEWS FROM THE ZOOS

Queer Birds and Beasts
HALF A DONKEY AND HALF
A ZEBRA

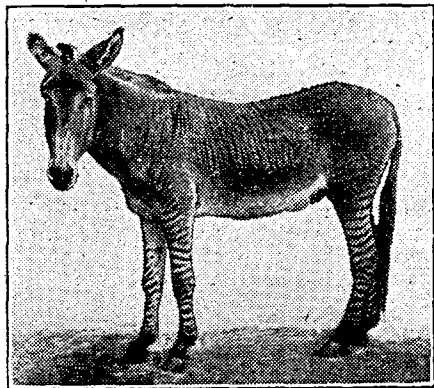
By Our Zoological Correspondents

London Zoo

A hybrid between an Italian donkey and a Grevy's zebra is one of the recent attractions at the Zoo. The animal, which is coloured like a donkey and striped like a zebra, is the first of its kind to be exhibited at the gardens. It is a very large creature, being considerably taller than the average horse.

STRANGE SLEEPERS

An ariel and a Cavier's toucan, two very odd birds, have just arrived. They have enormous, brightly coloured beaks, and their long tongues are fringed along



Half Donkey and Half Zebra

the edges like a feather. When going to sleep these birds have the curious habit of throwing their tails over their backs, and then tucking the end of their beaks underneath.

EGGS IN A BED OF LEAVES

One of the brush turkeys, a bird of unusual interest on account of its remarkable habits, has died.

Brush turkeys do not build nests in the ordinary way, but make huge piles of dry leaves and other vegetation, grasping the material with their feet and kicking it backwards to a certain spot until a large mound is formed that may have a depth of as much as four feet and a diameter of twelve.

After an interval of several weeks from the completion of the nest—during which time the heap settles down into a more or less compact mass, and also generates a considerable amount of heat owing to the vegetation rotting—the hen bird digs a hole in the mound and lays her eggs in it, covering them up again to keep them warm.

In due course the young turkeys break out of the eggs, but from all accounts it appears that they do not leave their comfortable home for some considerable time, preferring to remain in their warm surroundings till they are fully fledged.

W. S. B.

Belle Vue, Manchester

A SHIPFUL OF NEW FRIENDS

A South African ship has brought us a Burchell's zebra, which is very tame and has quickly become at home; a male leopard in excellent condition that acts with its lady keeper like a greatly spoiled cat; some tortoises that take no interest in anything but food; three vervet monkeys, who sit surprisingly long dozing on the highest accessible spot, with heads bowed down on their chests, but have much improved since the change from the confined quarters of the ship; and a pair of hyrax, marvellous for their agility, with which they astonish the guinea pigs, whose adjoining villa they easily invade.

The hyrax is no relation of the guinea pig, but rather a miniature rhinoceros. The fame of the hyrax is chiefly scriptural. The hyrax is the Boer rock-rabbit and the coney of the Book of Proverbs: "The coney are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." G. J.

FOOD CARAVANSERAI

How the Nation Managed
THE GREAT ANIMAL TREK

One of the triumphs of organisation during the first days of the railway strike was the food supply. All arrangements had been made for such a crisis, and the food rationing and control scheme was set in operation by telegraphing a single word to all the Divisional Food Commissioners.

Hyde Park became the great centre of milk distribution, and in a single day more than 150,000 gallons of milk were delivered there, equal to two-thirds of the total quantity required.

Hyde Park came to be known as the Milky Way of the strike, and a thousand motor lorries were used for London's milk supply, all working to regular timetables for the inward and outward journeys.

In the wholesale distribution of food throughout the country 5000 motor lorries were used; beyond these there were local lines of distribution, the importance of which may be imagined from the fact that in South Yorkshire alone a chain of food vehicles comprised 12,000 motor, steam, and horse waggons.

There was quite a trek of animals on the grasslands towards the populous towns of the north. Thousands of fat cattle and sheep from the grass-feeding centres were driven along the roads, and it happened, fortunately, that when the strike broke out there were nearly 20,000 more bullocks in the pastures than in normal times.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH
STRANDED

Happiness is easy enough to find if we know where to look for it. One of the 2nd Lambeth Girl Guides sends this note of the way they enjoyed being stranded during the railway strike.

Thirty-one of us started off for South-end, and got stranded there when the



Stranded by the Strike

railway stopped. But we had a rare time, not worrying.

Each one chose a friend to share a little wooden house with, such dear little houses, about as big as bathing machines, built round a tiny grass field.

We had sports and races. We pretended an old house was on fire with a Brownie in it, and patrols raced to save her; but the race we liked best of all was the blind donkey race, which we ran in pairs, one blindfolded and the other driving her with string reins. As there were no trains to take us home, the father of two of our Brownies fetched us in his carts, and we had a lovely drive, much nicer than a ride by train.

THE ANIMAL SENSE OF DANGER

The keen sense of danger possessed by nearly all animals has often been the means of saving men and women, who are not warned so readily as their animal friends.

In Bath the other day a house took fire, and its occupants were awakened by their cat, who was much the quickest to realise the true state of things.

THE LITTLE WONDER

What a Motor-Cycle Can
DoWONDERFUL POWER OF A
SMALL ENGINE

One of the greatest helpers of the nation in these difficult times has been the motor-cycle.

The power the air-cooled engine develops is amazing. An interesting example of this type is a product of the well-known firm of A B C, who have gained well-merited fame as builders of aero engines. They are now manufacturing a motor-cycle of 3 h.p. which largely employs aero-engine practice in its design. Not long ago, with a sidecar, one took five people up Newlands Corner, a very steep hill in Surrey, at 28 miles an hour.

At high speeds the engine revolves at 5000 revolutions a minute.

Here are a few interesting facts with regard to small petrol engines.

1. A small, air-cooled, twin-cylinder engine of 2½ h.p. has attained a speed of 72 miles per hour. This was on a Douglas motor-cycle.

2. The highest speed yet of a motor-cycle was in America, when an 8 h.p. machine travelled over 100 miles an hour.

3. A petrol engine of an average size, say from 2½ to 4 h.p., if properly tuned, will travel over a hundred miles on a gallon of petrol.

4. A Scott motor-cycle, water-cooled, rated at 3½ h.p., made 100 ascents and descents of a very steep hill without stopping, the engine revolving at from 2000 to 3000 times a minute.

ONE MAN SAVES FOUR

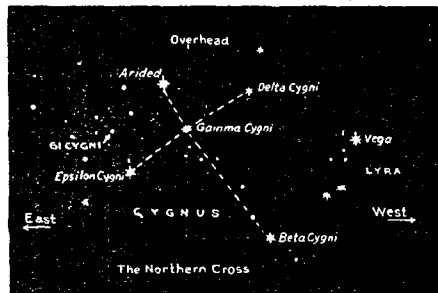
Plunging in a River Under Fire
PERHAPS THE LAST V.C. OF THE
WAR

There is a new V.C. The last act of one part of the British withdrawal from Archangel, the retreat from the Sheika River; fell to the 45th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers.

A platoon had to fight a rearguard action to let the main body march in safety. This platoon had finally to retire to catch up the general force. Their path lay across the river, the only track over which was a single plank. During the passage an officer and three men fell from the plank into a deep swamp which stretches into the river.

Everybody, officers and men, had fought almost to the utmost limit of their powers, and all were exhausted; but, with the enemy only 100 yards away, here were four men sinking to death in an oozy horror of slime and water. The position was a desperate one, for the enemy were maintaining a pitiless fire. But there was a towering hero in the far-spent platoon. He was Corporal Percy Sullivan.

With the foe behind and the deep before, not an instant did Sullivan



The Northern Cross. See next column

hesitate. He plunged into the river, and under a storm of bullets he dragged a drowning man from peril to safety, went back and saved a second, and returned a third time, and a fourth.

And so he has been awarded the V.C., the last V.C. of the war, we hope.

LIGHT THAT LEFT

TEN YEARS AGO

Now Arriving on Earth

WONDERS OF THE
NORTHERN CROSS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There can be seen almost overhead on any clear night, between eight and ten o'clock, a group of seven bright stars occupying an area almost as large as the seven stars of the Plough.

Stand facing south and then look upwards to the left of the resplendent Vega, where it will be seen that five of these stars are arranged in the form of an almost perfect cross.

The longest arm of the cross stretches from north-east towards south-west. At the head of the cross is the brilliant star Arcturus, second only to Vega in this part of the sky, and approaching us direct at the great speed of 40 miles a second, so that it will be where we are now in 200,000 years. At the foot of the cross is Beta Cygni, also called by its Arabic name, Albireo.

Rapid Speed Towards Earth

This star is found to be a lovely pair of suns, the largest being a rich yellow and the smaller one a deep blue. It requires very little imagination to picture the beautiful varied tints of sunlight that must be poured upon any planets speeding around Albireo.

Delta Cygni, the star at the overhead end of the shorter arm of the cross, is also composed of a beautiful pair of suns, approaching us at 23 miles a second. They revolve round one another once in 377 years.

The astronomical name for the mass of stars composing and surrounding the cross is Cygnus, the Swan, and its chief interest to us consists of what appears to be an insignificant star called 61 Cygni. It is of only fifth magnitude, just a shade brighter than the faintest stars visible on a very dark night, so that it is on such a night that we must seek for 61 Cygni. It will be found to the south of Arcturus and east of Epsilon Cygni, among a group of slightly brighter stars.

First Star to be Measured

This minute speck of light, on examination with a telescope, proves to be a pair of glorious suns, and their particular interest to us is that of all that multitude of stars that we can see spread over the great dome of the sky just now these are the nearest to us, and are yet 650,000 times farther off than our Sun. The Sun's light takes eight minutes to reach us; but the beams of light that reach us from 61 Cygni have been travelling across space for the last ten years before they come to earth. This means that we see it as and where it was ten years ago.

It is interesting to know that 61 Cygni was the first star whose distance from earth was measured. This was done by Bessel in 1838.

It was its movement among the other stars that first attracted attention, this being very rapid for a so-called fixed star. It was travelling at a distance across the sky equal to the apparent width of the Moon in 360 years.

The Next 20,000 Years

This may not seem very rapid, but when we take into account the great distance of the suns of 61 Cygni, we find they are actually speeding along at 2100 miles a minute, approaching us in a slanting course, which, together with our Sun's movement towards them, at about 11 miles a second, reduces the space between us by 26 miles every second. It has been calculated that this pair of suns will continue to approach us for the next twenty or thirty thousand years, after which they will pass the nearest point, and then go their way, farther and farther off, perhaps for ever.

G. F. M.

SHARKS ROUND OUR COASTS

The Gulls are Coming
Inland

AND BIRDS PUT ON THEIR WINTER COATS

By Our Country Correspondent

When the weather is stormy at this time of year we may often find thrown up on the coast a very shark-like fish, anything up to three or four feet in length. It is the piked, or spur, dog-fish, the commonest of all our British sharks, and it is one of the greatest pests that annoy our fishermen, for it often appears in large numbers, and does immense damage to the nets, besides scaring away useful fish.

Fishing with Tame Otters

The otter is not as common as it was once, owing to the war that is waged upon it by the keepers of trout streams. At this time of the year many of the young otters begin to seek new feeding grounds for the winter.

It is very strong and agile, and finds its food by scent. It is also very intelligent. Otters have been caught young and tamed, and taught to catch fish and bring them to their owners.

The guillemot, the most widely distributed of our diving birds, breeds in vast numbers round the British coasts, but during the summer it keeps well out to sea, where it swims and dives with great activity, and drives itself forward in the water with its half-opened wings, instead of with its feet. Now, however, the guillemots are distributing themselves round the coasts for the winter.

The Cradle of the Guillemot

Another species, the black guillemot, is also common on our coasts; but if we see it at this time of year we shall think it strangely misnamed, for it is whiter than the common guillemot. This, however, is its winter plumage, and in summer it is black, save for the white patch on the wing. In younger birds the white wing patch has a few dark markings, whereas in the older birds it is quite white.

The guillemot incubates her eggs in an upright position, and she can, therefore, cover only one egg at a time. This she lays on the bare rock, and it has a very thick shell, so that it is not easily broken.

The common sparrow is another bird that changes its plumage and puts on winter dress, although very few people in towns notice this. The black bib of summer more or less disappears, and gives place to the grey tips of the winter plumage. When winter has passed the black bib will reappear.

Moths Like Dead Leaves

The gulls are coming inland now, the yellowhammer has resumed its song, and the golden plover and short-eared owl are coming south.

On a mild evening the beaded chestnut moth and the dark chestnut may be found feeding on the ivy blossom. These moths are not very beautiful, but they are usefully coloured for their own safety. As they appear at a time of year when the leaves have turned brown, and those already fallen are decaying on the ground, their brown and grey wings enable them to pass unnoticed by enemies.

The lime tree is stripped, and the leaves of the honeysuckle are falling fast. C. R.

SALT FROM THE SEA

Two factories are being started in Norway to extract salt from sea water by means of electricity. Other by-products will also be obtained, and it is expected that the industry will grow. The idea originated during the war, when Norway experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of salt.

A King Goes to America

Tragic Story of the Last
Throne in the New World

ALBERT OF BELGIUM IN THE GREAT REPUBLIC

Carlyle would have watched with deep interest the splendid reception which America has given to the King of the Belgians.

The critical old philosopher was more apt to condemn than to applaud, but in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship" he made out a good case for that rare figure, the truly heroic king; and has there been a more heroic figure on a throne than King Albert?

But the chief interest of this royal visit is that a king visits America. That is a historic event, for no crowned British monarch has ever visited the United States. America loves not kings. She learned her lesson once and learned it well, and never again will she be the plaything of a man thrown by an accident of birth upon a throne.

Europe's Hand in a Beehive

Yet the American continent affords us as interesting a page in the history of kings as any page of Europe's history. South America, with all its amazing riches and abounding populations, was mainly Spanish from the time of Columbus down to the nineteenth century, and Brazil itself was Portuguese until 1889, when the republic came.

Chile till 1826, Argentina till 1824, had been for nearly three centuries Spanish, but the strangest case is that of Mexico, which was Spanish from 1521 until 1821, and then, with its freedom, inherited all the evils of the infamous system under which it had groaned. Disorder and bloodshed lasted year after year, until the sixties of last century, when suddenly Europe thrust its hand once more into the New World beehive, and was mortally stung. The sixties? One might as well write of the sixth century, so much has happened since. But two of the great figures in the tragedy are still with us today.

Tale of Two Sisters

Turn where one may in this troubled world, Austria or Germany must appear, and they appear in Mexico, in the person of the Archduke Maximilian, brother of Francis Joseph, the old Emperor of Austria who brought about the world war. Maximilian may have been unambitious and retiring, but he

had an ambitious wife in Charlotte, a princess of Belgium. Her friend, the Empress Eugénie, was the foremost woman in the Old World, and Charlotte would be foremost woman in the New.

So, in 1864, Maximilian and Charlotte were sent out to Mexico by Napoleon III., after an inexcusable military adventure, as Emperor and Empress. They were welcomed by some and detested by many. The nation was divided against itself, and waged war until the new Emperor and Empress were left with only a few loyal régiments.

The Empress fled to Europe to beg for armed assistance. It was everywhere refused, and she became hopelessly demented. The Emperor was captured, tried by his enemies, and sentenced to death. With him were two faithful Mexican generals.

Now, one of these, named Mejia, was a full-blood Indian, a true native of Mexico, who loved Maximilian. Mejia was a great fighter, but as he was faithful to his master, so he was merciful to his enemies in the day of his power. And one of these remembered.

Servant Dies for His Master

On the morning fixed for the execution one of his old enemies, General Alatorre, a prominent and successful rebel, went to him in his cell, and said:

"General Mejia, I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my life; my aide-de-camp is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go when you please."

"And the Emperor?" asked Mejia.

"Will be shot in two hours."

"And you dare come to me with such a proposition! Leave the room!" said the man who thus chose to die with his master rather than escape without him.

A little later rifles rang out, and the three fell dead upon the ground. So perished the last attempt to establish a monarchy in America.

It is all long ago in the sixties of last century, but the two ambitious women are living still—the Empress Eugénie alone in England, the Empress Charlotte the inmate of a home to which the tragic loss of her reason banished her in the days of her great adventure.

GOOD TURNED TO EVIL

Strange Story of Cold
Storage

PROFITEER AND THE RABBITS

What appears a scandal is being ventilated by the Liverpool fishmongers and poulterers.

When the Food Ministry imposed a maximum price for rabbits, rabbits vanished from the markets. What actually became of them?

The Liverpool traders now declare that enormous numbers of them are rotting in cold storage. Some of the rabbits, they say, have been in store for five years. "Many thousands are rotten," the Ministry of Food is informed, but on the other hand a considerable portion of the bulk is in splendid condition, and should be immediately made available for food.

If all this is true, it is a monstrous abuse of science in the interest of greed.

Cold storage is a splendid device for the preservation of all sorts of food, flesh, fruit, vegetables, and fluids, but in the hands of unscrupulous people it may be made a means of grossly victimising a suffering public. When food is plentiful, and should be cheap, the markets can be denuded, and supplies packed away in refrigerators for years, to be brought out slowly and sold at monstrous prices.

The fact that so many rabbits have become unfit for food is not the fault of cold storage. They must have been unsound when stored away. If the people who have hoarded them for unjust profit had to eat them, the punishment would fit the crime.

YOUR DOG

Our Dearest Animal Friend

No one can doubt that the dog is the dearest animal friend of mankind. The horse might make a claim to be, but horses are not able to express their goodwill for us as dogs can.

Yet people who care for dogs most are not always quite kind to them. They kill them with what they think is kindness.

To what age ought a dog to live? At five or six years old a dog is in its prime. At ten it is what a man is at fifty or fifty-five. At twelve it is often old, and at fifteen it dies.

Yet dogs may live happily till they are twenty or more if they are wisely cared for, properly exercised, and not overfed and pampered. Those who like them most should see that they live a long, natural, unspoilt life, as loyal friends, and not as foolish pets.

EXPLORING ENGLAND

The Lonely Wilds of Sussex

It is hard to realise in these days, with the motor-buses running thirty miles from Temple Bar, and with people who work in London thinking nothing of living at Brighton, that there are parts of the country, not so very far from Victoria, where we can wander quite alone and actually go exploring.

A great thing it was, in the days of silent railways, to get down to the South Downs, and walk to the top of them, where we may imagine ourselves as far away from things as Stanley was in Africa.

It is quite possible to walk for three or four hours on these Sussex Hills without meeting a soul, the only sound to disturb our solitude being the voices of birds and occasionally the melody of sheep bells, for the Sussex farmers graze their flocks on the rich, spongy turf.

Then there is much to interest us in these walks. Two great historical epochs have left their mark in many places on the South Downs—the Roman Occupation of Britain, and the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, October 19.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	6.31 a.m.	6.34 a.m.	6.39 a.m.
Sunset ..	4.59 p.m.	4.55 p.m.	4.49 p.m.
Moonrise ..	1.43 a.m.	4.2 a.m.	7.21 a.m.
Moonset ..	2.58 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	4.52 p.m.
High Tide	11.5 p.m.	12.14 p.m.	2.8 p.m.

Next Week's Moon

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Prepare vacant ground for future crops. Remove all fallen and decaying leaves, and continue to hoe, weed, and stir the ground occupied by crops.

Dress the herb-borders; draw earth to the stems of the cabbage tribe. Make the last sowing of corn salad for winter and spring use.

Trees planted while there is sufficient warmth in the soil to induce quick root action will succeed far better than if the process is deferred till later in the season. There are many evergreen shrubs which do far better when planted in autumn than in spring, and no time should be lost in completing the work.

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS



Le tisonnier L'hippopotame La tomate



Le clocher La reine La selle

À quoi sert le tisonnier?
L'hippopotame est un amphibie.
Tout le monde n'aime pas les tomates.
Dans le clocher il y a des cloches.
La reine est aimée de ses sujets.
On s'assied sur la selle.

LE MARIN ET LE PAYSAN

Un paysan s'étonnait qu'un marin, dont le père, le grand-père et l'arrière-grand-père avaient péri dans des naufrages, osât s'aventurer sur l'océan perfide.

"Mais," demanda le marin, "où donc est mort votre père?"

"Dans son lit," répondit le paysan.

"Et votre grand-père?"

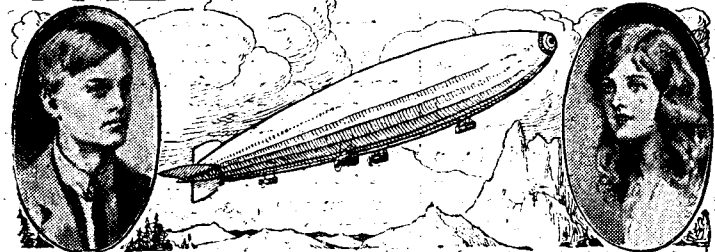
"Mais—dans son lit aussi."

"Et votre arrière-grand-père?"

"Lui aussi est mort dans son lit."

"Et vous n'avez pas peur d'aller vous coucher?" demanda en souriant le marin.

THE SKY RIDERS



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

What Has Happened Before

Mr. Martin Hamer has built a model of an ingenious new type of airship, and the first people to see this are his son, Cyril Hamer, and Cyril's great chum, Stella Earle.

Stella's uncle, Mortimer Carne, the millionaire owner of the great Ajax Steel Works, and Mr. Hamer's employer, is given first offer of the ship, but does not accept.

Bertram Kent, who had been a partner of Carne, and who was thought to be dead, turns up, and persuades Mr. Hamer to show him the model.

During the night following his visit the plans of the ship are stolen.

Three months later Stella is kidnapped by Kent and taken away in an airship built from the stolen plans. The ship is seen passing over the Pyrenees the following day.

It is decided to build another ship, to be called the Avenger, in which search can be made through Africa, where Kent is believed to have taken Stella. The whole of the resources of the Ajax Works are used in the construction of the new ship.

Meanwhile Cyril and Tim M'Keown, a lad who helps in the house, learn to fly both dirigibles and aeroplanes, for it is Cyril's intention to take an aeroplane aboard the Avenger.

Carne receives a letter bearing the Algiers postmark from Kent.

CHAPTER 8

Kent's Threat

Cyril waited until the iron-master had calmed down a little.

"What does he say?" he asked.

With fingers that shook, Carne unfolded the letter.

"I won't read you the first part," he said, in a voice that he strove hard to keep steady. "It is one string of abuse. The gist of it is this. Kent offers to restore Stella for fifty thousand pounds in cash and all rights in your father's airship."

"He doesn't want much!" said Cyril scornfully. "And if you refuse his terms, what then?"

"Then—this is the awful part of it. The fiend declares that he will leave Stella in the hands of a certain savage tribe to be brought up among them—as a savage. And Cyril—he says that they are cannibals."

Cyril went quite white. The thing was such a horror that he could hardly bring himself to believe it. Little Stella, with her dainty ways and golden hair, to be condemned to such a fate! It seemed hardly possible that any man could be such a brute. He felt sick.

"Kent's worse even than I thought him," he said at last. "It's simply too beastly to be thought of."

"Ah, you don't know him as I do," Carne answered hoarsely. "The man is as bad a lot as ever I have come across in all my fifty years. He had been robbing me for months before I found him out, and doing it in the meanest and most cunning fashion. I don't mind telling you now that he very nearly ruined me. When I discovered what he had been at I took the law into my own hands, and thrashed him till he could not stand. Then I kicked him out. He swore then that he would be revenged upon me, but never did

I think that he would wreak his spite in such a hideous fashion."

The big man dropped in a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Cyril saw his great shoulders heaving. He stepped across and laid a hand on his arm.

"Don't give way, sir," he said quietly. "Remember that Kent is not going to have things all his own way. Our airship will be larger and far more powerful than his, and there is no place in the world where he can be safe from us. Remember, too, that we shall be ready to start in less than a fortnight."

Carne looked up.

"You're a good fellow, Cyril," he said, "and the more I see of you and your father, the more sorry I feel that I have treated you as I have done."

"Don't think of it again," Cyril begged him. "Dad's forgotten it, and I'm sure I have."

"But I shall never forget it," answered the other sadly. "If I had accepted your father's first offer, Kent would never have got hold of those plans, and Stella would not have been kidnapped."

"Then Kent would have found some other way of getting even," said Cyril. "It's no use looking back, sir. What's done can't be changed, but it can be remedied. We must push on as fast as we can."

"Yes, yes. We must do that. Let us go and see how the work is progressing."

Carne rose as he spoke, but Cyril stopped him.

"May I have a look at the envelope of Kent's letter, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. But why?" "If we could find out where the paper was made or bought, it might help," said Cyril. "We don't want to miss any possible chance of discovering where Kent is hiding. We suppose it to be the Sahara, but it might not be, after all. There's a lot of unknown country in Arabia, for instance."

"I'm afraid the envelope will not be of much use," replied the other. "In all probability, Kent took it from England. Still, if you think it is of any use to you, take it and welcome."

He handed it over, Cyril put it carefully into his pocket-book, and the two went off together to the enormous shed which housed the Avenger.

By this time the skeleton of the airship was complete, and lying there under the powerful electric lights looked gigantic. As a matter of fact she was not as big as our new naval airships, being less than four hundred feet in length. Yet, looking at the frame of her, Cyril felt that so far as power and stability went, there was no comparison.

As Mr. Hamer had explained, she was built on the internal tension system. This sounds puzzling, but is not so really. Everyone is familiar with the wheel of a bicycle and there you have the internal tension system in its simplest form. The new dirigible resembled a series of gigantic cycle wheels of different sizes, each with the tyre complete, and fixed firmly upon a central shaft, or axis. The biggest wheels were in the middle, and the sizes tapered off bow and stern. The smallest were at the

stern, not at the bow, for Mr. Hamer had followed the old yacht lines—"cod's head and mackerel tail," as they are called.

Carne spoke to a foreman.

"Yes, sir," answered the man. "It's all right. The fabric for covering her is all here, and the girls are working on it in the loft. We expect to begin putting it on tomorrow."

"That's good, Menzies," said Carne. "Has Mr. Hamer been in?"

"Not once today, sir. He stays in that workshop of his all day and most of the night."

"Let's go round and see him, Mr. Carne," said Cyril.

Mr. Carne nodded and the two went across the yard. As they neared Mr. Hamer's workshop they became aware of a sound like the rattle of a machine-gun, a constant, clattering roar.

"The new engine," said Cyril in Carne's ear. "He's trying it."

The other nodded, and they opened the door. It was no use knocking, the row was too great.

The large airy building shook with the tremendous rattle. Clamped to a bench was an aero engine running full blast, and close by stood Mr. Hamer, in his shirt-sleeves, watching it.

Cyril went up and touched his father's arm. Mr. Hamer turned a face which, though thin and blackened with oil, was alight with excitement.

He pointed to the engine, then nodded quickly and switched it off. The silence that followed was startling after the deafening din.

"She works!" cried the inventor. "She runs perfectly! See here!"

He swiftly unscrewed some nuts and lifted out the cylinder.

"Look at it!" he said, holding it up to the light. "Clean as if it had just been put in, yet she has been running three hours on end."

"My word, that must be wonderful petrol, Dad!" exclaimed Cyril.

Mr. Hamer laughed.

"Petrol! It's not petrol at all. This is my new explosive."

CHAPTER 9

Cyril Springs a Surprise

As he spoke, Mr. Hamer dipped his hand into a bag which lay upon the shelf near the engine, and brought it out full of a greenish-grey powder, which had a faint iridescent sheen. It was firm and dry as gunpowder, but much cleaner.

Cyril stared. Though he was aware that his father had been making experiments with a new fuel for motor engines, he had no idea he had been successful. As for Carne, his face lit with excitement.

"A dry fuel, Hamer? Do you mean you can run your engine upon this?"

"I have been doing it for hours past. This stuff has twice the power of petrol, much less weight, and stores in a far smaller space. And you have seen for yourself that there is practically no soot. Man, using this, we can take the Avenger clean round the world without stopping to refill our tanks."

Carne ran his fingers through the stuff, and examined it carefully.

"Is it safe to pack and handle?" "Far safer than liquid petrol," was the answer.

Carne stared at him.

"You're a wonderful man, Hamer. What do you call it?"

"Bless you, I haven't thought of a name," laughed the inventor. Cyril cut in.

"Call it Stellol!" he exclaimed.

"We will," smiled his father. "Stellol let it be."

"Let us hope the name will be a good omen," said Carne quietly.

But even he seemed cheered, and when he left the workshop Cyril noticed that he held his head higher, and that his step was lighter.

The news of the new fuel soon spread through the works, and the

men, who had been working hard before, redoubled their efforts. It was marvellous to see how the great fabric of the dirigible grew under their hands.

Cyril, who had been busy with Tim, completing his flying course, came one day to his father, and asked for five pounds.

"I want it for a special purpose," he said.

Mr. Hamer handed over the money without question, and very early next morning Cyril left Manchester and no one saw him again until about ten that night, when he came home very tired but quite cheerful, and went straight to bed. He never said a word to his father and Carne about his doings, but next day went back to the aerodrome and continued his course.

By this time the gas bags had been fitted, the huge frame of the Avenger was covered, and the first dose of varnish was being laid on to the linen fabric.

"We shall be ready to start next week," the ironmaster told Cyril, with great satisfaction. "The engines are complete, and I have arranged for a supply of helium with which to fill her."

"You are going to use helium, instead of hydrogen?" asked Cyril.

"Yes. Your father advises it. Though helium gas has not quite so great lifting power as hydrogen, it has many advantages. As you know, it is not inflammable, so that cuts out the risk of explosion. In a country like Africa, where thunderstorms are common, this is a great advantage. For another thing, it does not leak so rapidly as hydrogen, nor does it expand so rapidly with heat."

Cyril nodded.

"That's good, sir. And what about a crew?"

"I have engaged four men. There's that big Scotsman, MacKenzie, my foreman. He understands dirigibles thoroughly. The other three are Carter, Vane, and Sanderson. With the four of us, that should be as many as we require."

"Four of us!" repeated Cyril. "Are you coming, sir?"

"Of course I am coming," replied the other sharply.

Cyril did not reply. Privately he did not think that the ironmaster would be of much use on such an expedition, but he was too wise to say so.

Another week passed, the engines were in their place, all was ready, and it was decided to take the Avenger for a trial trip.

Dragged carefully out of her great garage into the open, she was released, and at once rose steadily and majestically to a height of about five hundred feet. Then her engines were started, and she sailed away on a perfectly even keel. As she began to feel the full power of her four propellers her pace increased, and the air began to whistle past her. Mr. Hamer sat in front of a board covered with gauges and dials, and Cyril, watching him, saw his thin face glow with excitement.

"Better than eighty," he exclaimed. "And in still air! It's a record for a dirigible, Cyril. We ought to be twenty miles an hour faster than Kent's airship."

At that moment Carne came up.

"A success, Hamer," he said.

"Of course she is a success!" answered Mr. Hamer. "I told you that when I showed you the model."

"I know," replied the other. "Well, I only hope we shall be equally successful in tracking down this ruffian who has kidnapped Stella. But my heart fails me when I think of the enormous spaces we have to explore."

"Not so large, sir," said Cyril quietly. "You see, I know within a hundred miles or so just where Kent has taken her."

Carne's eyes widened.

"What in the world do you mean?" he demanded.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

THE BURGLAR

Chuckling to himself, Billy Bartlett opened the cupboard and got out the mask.

It was one which his elder brother Guy had worn for the Peace Night procession, and a more hideous thing was never seen. It was made on the model of a West African Ju-Ju mask, and represented a nigger face, very broad, with goggling eyes, thick crimson lips, and hardly any nose at all. A double row of teeth filed to sharp points, pointed ears, and a crop of woolly white hair added to its beauties.

"Makes me look like a gorilla in a fit," grinned Billy, as he fastened it on his head before the glass. "I'll give Toby the scare of his life."

Toby Ashton was Billy's great chum, and lived quite close to the Croft, the Bartletts' house. Billy's people were dining out, and there was no one in the house but himself and Selina, the cook, who was old and rather deaf. It was nearly ten, and Billy ought to have been in bed.

He started downstairs, went to the coat cupboard, and got a black cloak, which covered him from head to foot. Then he slipped into the back passage. Selina was in her own room, so the whole ground floor was empty.

The back door was at the end of the passage. To the left was the kitchen, and to the right the pantry. As Billy passed the kitchen door he heard a noise, and stopped short. Someone was moving quietly inside.

Billy grinned.

"That will be Toby," he said to himself. "He's trying to work some joke on me. Wait, now. I'll get one up on him."

Very softly he turned the handle, pushed the door gently open, and put his head in.

It was not Toby at all, but a squat, powerfully-built, ugly-looking man, who was putting away bread and beef at an amazing rate.

Billy stopped as if frozen.

"A burglar!" he gasped to himself. He was stiff with fright. Any boy of ten in his place might be excused for being frightened. He must close the door and run for help. He knew he must. He took a step backwards, and his heel bumped against the door.

The burglar heard, and turned.

For a moment the two stood as still as statues. It was the burglar who moved first. He gave one appalling yell, and went for the window as if a mad dog were at his heels. One leap and a fearful crash, and he was gone, taking half the sash with him.

Billy stood gasping, too amazed to speak or move until Selina, roused by the crash, came hurrying down.

"What's the matter?" she panted; then, as she saw Billy, she fell back with a scream.

Billy suddenly remembered, and tore off the mask.

"It was a burglar, Selina. He's run away."

"I don't blame him," she said.

October 18, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

II



It is Better to be Merry than Rich



Dr MERRYMAN

I was in the drawing-class at the school.
"Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."
"That ain't nothin'," piped-up Johnny. "Me mother does that to me lots of times."

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?

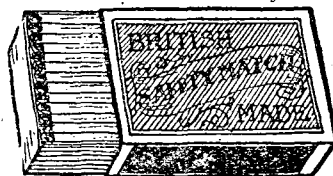
Answers next week

THERE was an old lady of Looe
Who cherished a pet cockatoo.
She taught it to speak
French, Latin and Greek,
And sent up its name to "Who's Who."

Magic Matchbox

In this trick you show a full box of matches, holding it in your right hand. Move it up and down over your head, and the matches will disappear, and you show the empty box. Move it up and down again, and the box is shown full once more; a few more passes and it is again empty.

The secret lies in the preparation of the matchbox. Empty the matches from an ordinary safety



matchbox, and on the bottom of the inner tray gum a layer of matches. Look at the sketch, which shows the tray with the row of matches gummed to its back and put back into the outer case and partly closed. It looks like a full box of matches when this side is shown, and of course when turned round it appears as an empty box.

Show the full side, and when moving it up and down turn it over and show the empty side, and so on. The box may be safely opened and closed. In fact it is better, after showing it full, to close it, and while waving it about open it a little as you are turning it round.

"So you called on her to patch up your old quarrel. Did you succeed?"

"No, we found it easier to make a new one."

Riddle in Rhyme

With ladies fair at church and ball
I'm seen,
Yet with the cottage maid trip o'er
the green;
Where armies march I constantly
attend,
Yes, and each soldier owns me as
his friend;
The greatest kings and princes bend
to me,
Yet I serve all with great humility;
I aid both judge and statesman,
philosopher and clown,
Grandfather, infant,
rich and poor, in
country and in town.

Do You Live in Sussex?

Sussex means South Saxons, and was so named because when the Saxons came to Britain, those who settled in this district were called South Saxons to distinguish them from their countrymen who settled in Essex, the land of the East Saxons, and Wessex, the country of the West Saxons.

Astronomy

ASTRONOMY is iderful,
And interesting 2;
The ear 3 volves around the sun
Which makes a year 4 you.

The moon above is dead and calm,
By law of phys 6 great;
It's 7 where the stars alive
Do nightly scintil 8.

If watchful Providence be 9
With good in 10 tions fraught,
Did not keep up its grand design,
We soon should come to 0.

Poser

If it takes a lawyer to frame a
will, what will a picture-
frame?

"I HEAR she is interested in
forestry."

"Well, she is to the extent that
she always pines to look spruce."

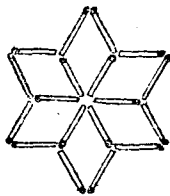
Inconsistencies

You cannot weigh grammes with
a grammar,
Nor cure sugar hams with a ham-
mer,
Do sums with a summer,
Stew plums with a plumber,
Nor shear an old ram with a
rammer.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The Star Puzzle

The six matches are re-
arranged as shown in the
sketch, so as to make a star
containing six equal dia-
monds.



Jacko will Appear Next Week

Adventures of Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

CHAPTER 2



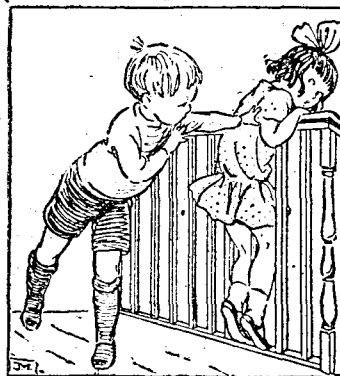
AUNT HUMPTY never walked or ran, as common people do, but was slow and stately, and always stalked. She was stiff and straight—a tall old lady with a long, severe face. She stared about the room to make sure everything was tidy, then, in a voice that grated like a coffee-grinder, asked: "Have you finished your home-lessons, children?" "Yes, Aunt," they said together. "Put your books away, then; and you, Hoity, go straight to bed," she said. "And who broke the kitchen window?" "I was playing with my ball—" began Hoity. "You will have no jam for breakfast tomorrow!" snapped Aunt Humpty, "and I shall keep all your weekly money



Aunt Humpty was stiff and straight, with a long, severe face



"I'll bring you up a bit of my supper," whispered Molly.



"He is just going to bed, Auntie, and I am coming," cried Molly.

till it is paid for. Put your books away, Molly, and come down to supper at once.

With that Aunt Humpty turned and stalked out of the room.

"Never mind, Hoity," whispered Molly. She was sorry for him, and would have kissed him only she knew he thought kissing silly. "I'll bring you up a bit of my supper."

"I don't want any," he growled. "No jam tomorrow, she says, and she's going to stick to all my money." He laughed scornfully. "What do I care? I shan't be here!"

"Hoity!" Molly clutched him. "You don't mean really and truly what you said? You're not going to run away?"

He nodded grimly. "I'm going tonight."

"Oh, but Hoity," faltered Molly, "where will you go?"

"Back to Africa, to Father and Mother."

"Oh dear! But what shall I do?"

"Come with me, of course—unless you'd sooner stay behind and be a sneak."

"You know I'm not that!" said Molly indignantly. "If you go, of course I shall. But how can we get to Africa?"

"Easy. We shall have to have food and money. Tonight, when they're all asleep, you go down to the larder and do up two parcels of cake and things for us, and I shall go to her bedroom and get our money-boxes—"

"Hoity!" gasped Molly. "You wouldn't dare!"

He said "Pah!" but at that moment Aunt Humpty called from below to know if he had gone to bed yet.

"He is just going, Auntie," cried Molly, running out on to the landing; "and I am coming."

Hoity grabbed at her over the banisters, and hissed: "Be ready dressed when I knock at your door tonight."

More Next Week

The Boy Magician

A little boy whose father was a Frenchman and his mother a Pole, showed a great love for music and a rare ability to play; and one day, when he was nine years old, it was arranged that he should appear at a public concert. His mother took great care in dressing him for the function, and put him in a new jacket with an embroidered collar. The boy went, and was given a great ovation. When he returned his mother asked him how he had got on.

"Very well," said the boy. "The people seemed very pleased with my collar."

But it was his music and not his clothes that had interested the audience. His playing of the piano was wonderful; he could almost make the instrument speak.

One day at the Academy in Warsaw, of which his father was professor, there was a great hubbub among the pupils. The master could obtain no order at all, but the boy musician came in, sat down at the piano, and played so thrillingly that the rioters became quiet. Then this marvellous boy extinguished the lights, and played on until every pupil had fallen asleep. It was a wonderful scene.

He began composing while quite young, and some of his works are among the most beautiful music that we have today.

When he was 21 he said farewell to his parents and left Warsaw never to return.

He travelled to many European capitals, and everywhere was fêted; but he did not like great gatherings. "I have to dress and look cheerful in drawing rooms," he once said, "but when I am in my own room again I talk to my piano, to whom, as my best friend in Vienna, I pour out all my sorrows." His pet horror was a person who invited him to dinner and then pressed him to play. To one such he said, "Oh, sir, I have just dined; your hospitality I see demands payment."

With all his success and fame, he was very modest, and when he visited the Imperial Library at Vienna he was amazed to find among the works of the greatest composers some of his own manuscripts beautifully bound.

He became the friend of a famous French authoress; and when he developed traces of consumption, she invited him to accompany her and her son on a visit to Majorca. He went, and during a sad illness there was tenderly nursed.

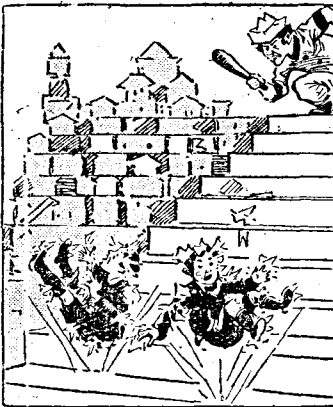
Gradually his health grew worse, and on Oct. 17, 1849, he died, and was buried in Paris. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Just Judge was Sir Matthew Hale

Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

At Messrs. Johnson's factories the jelly squares are made. Augustus and young Marmaduke determined on a raid; so off they went, and soon they reached the place where jelly squares



Are set to dry in monster piles upon a lot of stairs.

Augustus seized a jelly square (lemon was his choice),

And Marmaduke was choosing his when both boys heard a voice.

"Quick!" cried Marmy. "Up the stairs! Here comes the jelly man."

In his hand he's got a stick; he'll catch us if he can."

But in his haste young Gussy slipped upon a jelly square, And down he fell, and both

boys rolled, bump! bump! from stair to stair, The jelly stuck to face and hands, to legs and clothes as well; Just how they looked when they were found is very hard to tell.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 6d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles 18s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

MANY WAYS OF DOING IT—HOW WE GOT TO TOWN WITHOUT THE RAILWAYS



The "motor-scootist" asks the way



The long, long trail of walkers



Two wheels for three



An old friend out again



"Please take me to the City!" An appeal from the kerb



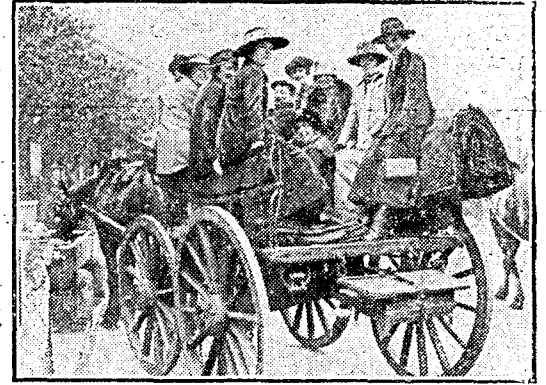
The roller-skater



Down the river to town



Twenty-one in a motor-car



A coal-man's load



A home on the Thames at Westminster



The morning plane to Birmingham

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Friday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Post. It can be ordered from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Company; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler & Co.